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Crime as an American Way of Life
—Daniel Bell

Totalitarianism and History
—Bertram D. Wolfe

. . . and Come Out Fighting!
—Morris Keeton

Mau Mau and Unrest in Kenya
—Malcolm Davies

From Gompers to Hillman: Labor Goes Middle Class —MOSES RISCHIN

Gompers and the Irony of Racism —ARTHUR MANN

Stories and Poetry by JOSEPH JOEL KEITH, SANORA BABB, FRANCIS BARRY, SHEILA PRITCHARD, HELEN WEST, TADD FISHER, CONRAD PENDLETON

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The ANTIOCH REVIEW

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—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Editors' Shop Talk

Academic freedom, to hear some explain it, is an absolute in a vacuum. It is "unqualified or it does not exist," and is presumed to be without relation to anything else on land or sea. But is it not related, at a minimum, to democratic methods? And does it, at the least, not have to operate within a system threatened by both McCarthyism and Communism?

* * *

Some say that McCarthyism is doing a necessary (though dirty) job. But is not McCarthyism, in fact, an imitator of the system it is presumably fighting?

Others say that McCarthyism is simply a despicable method of pitting brother against brother and of letting power slip into the hands of a demagogue and a potential dictator. But is not the fear it stimulates built upon the more realistic fear first created by Communism?

* * *

There is more to academic freedom than pure principle; more to McCarthyism than a certain street fighter impersonating a Senator. And with Communism (which is more than the *Communist Manifesto*) they are interrelated.

One needs a little reorientation here. Communism, as we see it, is not so much a military or economic threat to the world as it is a corrosive of free institutions. Communism has corrupted liberal tactics and democratic methods; it has perverted civil liberties and intellectual freedom. It has put a premium on secrecy and lying. What Communist or fellow traveler admits to following the Moscow line? And why is the fifth amendment increasingly invoked, not for fear of self-incrimination, but as a way of protecting friends or former associates?

Intellectuals should be peculiarly sensitive to the corruption of language. But what is one to conclude when respected leaders in American life continue to argue that Communists are essentially "honest," that Communists have an "essential nobility," that Communists "suffer" for their beliefs (the implication being that they suffer like other heretics before them)? Some still seem undisturbed by the implication of the terms "people's peace," "red-baiting" and "people's democratic dictatorship." And what of "leftist"? Here is a word that appears everywhere hundreds of times a day in all our best publictions, placing Communists, Socialists, New Dealers, and assorted liberals all together on the same side of the fence. Who's doing the work of Senator McCarthy on that one?

We bring up these matters because there will be a number of articles on these subjects in our fall issue. We welcome others if they will attempt to cut through the smudge set up by some of our current smoke machines.

Crime as an American Way of Life

By DANIEL BELL

In the 1890's, the Reverend Dr. Charles Parkhurst, shocked at the open police protection afforded New York's bordellos, demanded a state inquiry. In the Lexow investigation that followed, the young and dashing William Travers Jerome staged a set of public hearings that created sensation after sensation. He badgered "Clubber" Williams, First Inspector of the Police Department, to account for wealth and property far greater than could have been saved on his salary; it was earned, the Clubber explained laconically, through land speculation "in Japan." Heavy-set Captain Schmittberger, the "collector" for the "Tenderloin precincts"—Broadway's fabulous concentration of hotels, theaters, restaurants, gaming houses, and saloons—related in detail how protection money was distributed among the police force. Crooks, policemen, public officials, businessmen, all paraded across the stage, each adding his chapter to a sordid story of corruption and crime. The upshot of these revelations was reform—the election of William L. Strong, a stalwart businessman, as mayor, and the naming of Theodore Roosevelt as police commissioner.

It did not last, of course, just as previous reform victories had not lasted. Yet the ritual drama was re-enacted. Twenty years ago the Seabury investigation in New York uncovered the tin-box brigade and the thirty-three little MacQuades. Jimmy Walker was ousted as Mayor and in came Fiorello La Guardia. Tom Dewey became district attorney, broke the industrial rackets, sent Lucky Luciano to jail and went to the Governor's chair in Albany. Then reform was again swallowed up

---

Daniel Bell is a lecturer in sociology at Columbia University. He has recently written a chapter called "Labor and Public Opinion" to be included in a volume published by the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues on Industrial Relations, and a long study of the Longshoresmen's union for a book of union profiles, edited by J. B. S. Hardman.

in the insatiable maw of corruption until Kefauver and the young and dashing Rudolph Halley threw a new beam of light into the seemingly bottomless pit.

How explain this repetitious cycle? Obviously the simple moralistic distinction between "good guys" and "bad guys," so deep at the root of the reform impulse, bears little relation to the role of organized crime in American society. What, then, does?

II

Americans have had an extraordinary talent for compromise in politics and extremism in morality. The most shameless political deals (and "steals") have been rationalized as expedient and realistically necessary. Yet in no other country have there been such spectacular attempts to curb human appetites and brand them as illicit, and nowhere else such glaring failures. From the start America was at one and the same time a frontier community where "everything goes," and the fair country of the Blue Laws. At the turn of the century the cleavage developed between the Big City and the small-town conscience. Crime as a growing business was fed by the revenues from prostitution, liquor and gambling that a wide-open urban society encouraged and which a middle-class Protestant ethos tried to suppress with a ferocity unmatched in any other civilized country. Catholic cultures rarely have imposed such restrictions, and have rarely suffered such excesses. Even in prim and proper Anglican England, prostitution is a commonplace of Piccadilly night life, and gambling one of the largest and most popular industries. In America the enforcement of public morals has been a continuing feature of our history.

Some truth may lie in Svend Ranulf's generalization that moral indignation is a peculiar fact of middle-class psychology and represents a disguised form of repressed envy. The larger truth lies perhaps in the brawling nature of American development and the social character of crime. Crime, in many ways, is a Coney Island mirror, caricaturing the morals and manners of a society. The jungle quality of the American business community, particularly at the turn of the century, was reflected in the mode of "business" practiced by the coarse gangster elements, most of them from new immigrant families, who were "getting ahead," just as Horatio Alger had urged. In the older, Protestant tradition the intense acquisitiveness, such as that of Daniel Drew,

was rationalized by a compulsive moral fervor. But the formal obeisance of the ruthless businessman in the workaday world to the church-going pieties of the Sabbath was one that the gangster could not make. Moreover, for the young criminal, hunting in the asphalt jungle of the crowded city, it was not the businessman with his wily manipulation of numbers but the "man with the gun" who was the American hero. "No amount of commercial prosperity," once wrote Teddy Roosevelt, "can supply the lack of the heroic virtues." The American was "the hunter, cowboy, frontiersman, the soldier, the naval hero." And in the crowded slums, the gangster. He was a man with a gun, acquiring by personal merit what was denied to him by complex orderings of a stratified society. And the duel with the law was the morality play *par excellence:* the gangster, with whom rides our own illicit desires, and the prosecutor, representing final judgment and the force of the law.

Yet all this was acted out in a wider context. The desires satisfied in extra-legal fashion were more than a hunger for the "forbidden fruits" of conventional morality. They also involved, in the complex and ever shifting structure of group, class and ethnic stratification, which is the warp and woof of America's "open" society, such "normal" goals as independence through a business of one's own, and such "moral" aspirations as the desire for social advancement and social prestige. For crime, in the language of the sociologists, has a "functional" role in the society, and the urban rackets—the illicit activity organized for continuing profit rather than individual illegal acts—is one of the queer ladders of social mobility in American life. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the whole question of organized crime in America cannot be understood unless one appreciates (1) the distinctive role of organized gambling as a function of a mass consumption economy; (2) the specific role of various immigrant groups as they one after another became involved in marginal business and crime; and (3) the relation of crime to the changing character of the urban political machines.

III

As a society changes, so does, in lagging fashion, its type of crime. As American society became more "organized," as the American businessman became more "civilized" and less "buccaneering," so did the

American racketeer. And just as there were important changes in the structure of business enterprise, so the "institutionalized" criminal enterprise was transformed too.

In the America of the last fifty years the main drift of society has been toward the rationalization of industry, the domestication of the crude self-made captain of industry into the respectable man of manners, and the emergence of a mass-consumption economy. The most significant transformation in the field of "institutionalized" crime was the increasing relative importance of gambling as against other kinds of illegal activity. And, as a multi-billion-dollar business, gambling underwent a transition parallel to the changes in American enterprise as a whole. This parallel was exemplified in many ways: in gambling's industrial organization (e.g., the growth of a complex technology such as the national racing wire service and the minimization of risks by such techniques as lay-off betting); in its respectability, as was evidenced in the opening of smart and popular gambling casinos in resort towns and in "satellite" adjuncts to metropolitan areas; in its functional role in a mass-consumption economy (for sheer volume of money changing hands, nothing has ever surpassed this feverish activity of fifty million American adults); in the social acceptance of the gamblers in the important status world of sport and entertainment, i.e., "café society."

In seeking to "legitimize" itself, gambling had quite often actually become a force against older and more vicious forms of illegal activity. In 1946, for example, when a Chicago mobster, Pat Manno, went down to Dallas, Texas, to take over gambling in the area for the Accardo-Guzik combine, he reassured the sheriff as to his intent as follows: "Something I'm against, that's dope peddlers, pickpockets, hired killers. That's one thing I can't stomach, and that's one thing the fellows up there—the group won't stand for, things like that. They discourage it, they even go to headquarters and ask them why they don't do something about it."

Jimmy Cannon once reported that when the gambling raids started in Chicago, the "combine" protested that, in upsetting existing stable relations, the police were only opening the way for ambitious young punks and hoodlums to start trouble. Nor is there today, as there was twenty or even forty years ago, prostitution of major organized scope in the United States. Aside from the fact that manners and morals

have changed, prostitution *as an industry* doesn't pay as well as gambling. Besides, its existence threatened the tacit moral acceptance and quasi-respectability that gamblers and gambling have secured in the American way of life. It was, as any operator in the field might tell you, "bad for business."

The criminal world of the last decade, its tone set by the captains of the gambling industry, is in startling contrast to the state of affairs in the two decades before. If a Kefauver report had been written then, the main "names" would have been Lepke and Gurrah, Dutch Schultz, Jack "Legs" Diamond, Lucky Luciano, and, reaching back a little further, Arnold Rothstein, the czar of the underworld. These men (with the exception of Luciano, who was involved in narcotics and prostitution) were in the main industrial racketeers. Rothstein, it is true, had a larger function: he was, as Frank Costello became later, the financier of the underworld—the pioneer big businessman of crime, who, understanding the logic of co-ordination, sought to *organize* crime as a source of regular income. His main interest in this direction was in industrial racketeering, and his entry was through labor disputes. At one time, employers in the garment trades hired Legs Diamond and his sluggers to break strikes, and the Communists, then in control of the cloakmakers union, hired one Little Orgie to protect the pickets and beat up the scabs; only later did both sides learn that Legs Diamond and Little Orgie were working for the same man, Rothstein.

Rothstein's chief successors, Lepke Buchalter and Gurrah Shapiro, were able, in the early '30's, to dominate sections of the men's and women's clothing industries, of painting, fur dressing, flour trucking, and other fields. In a highly chaotic and cut-throat industry such as clothing, the racketeer, paradoxically, played a stabilizing role by regulating competition and fixing prices. When the NRA came in and assumed this function, the businessman found that what had once been a quasi-economic service was now pure extortion, and he began to demand police action. In other types of racketeering, such as the trucking of perishable foods and water-front loading, where the racketeers entrenched themselves as middlemen—taking up, by default, a service that neither shippers nor truckers wanted to assume—a pattern of accommodation was roughly worked out and the rackets assumed a quasi-legal veneer. On the water-front, old-time racketeers perform the necessary function of loading—but at an exorbitant price, and this

monopoly was recognized by both the union and the shippers, and tacitly by government. (See my case study "The Last of the Business Rackets," in the June, 1951 issue of *Fortune*.)

But in the last decade and a half, industrial racketeering has not offered much in the way of opportunity. *Like American capitalism itself, crime shifted its emphasis from production to consumption.* The focus of crime became the direct exploitation of the citizen as consumer, largely through gambling. And while the protection of these huge revenues was inextricably linked to politics, the relation between gambling and "the mobs" became more complicated.

IV

Although it never showed up in the gross national product, gambling in the last decade was one of the largest industries in the United States. The Kefauver Committee estimated it as a twenty-billion-dollar business. This figure has been picked up and widely quoted, but in truth no one knows what the gambling "turnover" and "take" actually is, nor how much is bet legally (pari-mutuel, etc.) and how much illegally. In fact, the figure cited by the committee was arbitrary and arrived at quite sloppily. As one staff member said: "We had no real idea of the money spent. . . . The California crime commission said twelve billion. Virgil Peterson of Chicago estimated thirty billion. We picked twenty billion as a balance between the two."

If comprehensive data are not available, we do know, from specific instances, the magnitude of many of the operations. Some indications can be seen from these items culled at random:

—James Carroll and the M & G syndicate did a 20-million-dollar annual business in St. Louis. This was one of the two large books in the city.

—The S & G syndicate in Miami did a 26-million-dollar volume yearly; the total for all books in the Florida resort reached 40 millions.

—Slot machines were present in 69,786 establishments in 1951 (each paid $100 for a license to the Bureau of Internal Revenue); the usual average is three machines to a license, which would add up to 210,000 slot machines in operation in the United States. In legalized areas, where the betting is higher and more regular, the average gross "take" per machine is $50 a week.

—The largest policy wheel (i.e. "numbers") in Chicago's "Black

Belt" reported taxable net profits for the four-year period from 1946 through 1949, after sizable deductions for "overhead," of $3,656,968. One of the large "white" wheels reported in 1947 a gross income of $2,317,000 and a net profit of $205,000. One CIO official estimated that perhaps 15 per cent of his union's lower echelon officials are involved in the numbers racket (a steward, free to roam a plant, is in a perfect situation for organizing bets).

If one considers the amount of betting on sports alone—an estimated six billion on baseball, a billion on football pools, another billion on basketball, six billion on horse racing—then Elmo Roper's judgment that "only the food, steel, auto, chemical, and machine-tool industries have a greater volume of business" does not seem too far-fetched.

While gambling has long flourished in the United States, the influx of the big mobsters into the industry—and its expansion—started in the '30's when repeal of Prohibition forced them to look about for new avenues of enterprise. Gambling, which had begun to flower under the nourishment of rising incomes, was the most lucrative field in sight. To a large extent the shift from bootlegging to gambling was a mere transfer of business operations. In the East, Frank Costello went into slot machines and the operation of a number of ritzy gambling casinos. He also became the "banker" for the Erickson "book," which "laid off" bets for other bookies. Joe Adonis, similarly, opened up a number of casinos, principally in New Jersey. Across the country, many other mobsters went into bookmaking. As other rackets diminished, and gambling, particularly horse-race betting, flourished in the '40's, a struggle erupted over the control of racing information.

Horse-race betting requires a peculiar industrial organization. The essential component is time. A bookie can operate only if he can get information on odds up to the very last minute before the race, so that he can "hedge" or "lay off" bets. With racing going on simultaneously on many tracks throughout the country, this information has to be obtained speedily and accurately. Thus, the racing wire is the nerve ganglion of race betting.

The racing-wire news service got started in the '20's through the genius of the late Moe Annenberg, who had made a fearful reputation for himself as Hearst's circulation manager in the rough-and-tumble Chicago newspaper wars. Annenberg conceived the idea of a tele-

graphic news service which would gather information from tracks and shoot it immediately to scratch sheets, horse parlors, and bookie joints. In some instances, track owners gave Annenberg the rights to send news from tracks; more often, the news was simply "stolen" by crews operating inside or near the tracks. So efficient did this news distribution system become, that in 1942, when a plane knocked out a vital telegraph circuit which served an Air Force field as well as the gamblers, the Continental Press managed to get its racing wire service for gamblers resumed in fifteen minutes, while it took the Fourth Army, which was responsible for the defense of the entire West Coast, something like three hours.

Annenberg built up a nationwide racing information chain that not only distributed wire news but controlled sub-outlets as well. In 1939, harassed by the Internal Revenue Bureau on income tax, and chivvied by the Justice Department for "monopolistic" control of the wire service, the tired and aging Annenberg simply walked out of the business. He did not sell his interest, or even seek to salvage some profit; he simply gave up. Yet, like any established and thriving institution, the enterprise continued, though on a decentralized basis. James Ragen, Annenberg's operations manager, and likewise a veteran of the old Chicago circulation wars, took over the national wire service through a dummy friend and renamed it the Continental Press Service.

The salient fact is that in the operation of the Annenberg and Ragen wire service, formally illegal as many of its subsidiary operations may have been (i.e. in "stealing" news, supplying information to bookies, etc.) gangsters played no part. It was a business, illicit, true, but primarily a business. The distinction between gamblers and gangsters, as we shall see, is a relevant one.

In 1946, the Chicago mob, whose main interest was in bookmaking rather than gambling casinos, began to move in on the wire monopoly. Following repeal, the Capone lieutenants had turned, like Lepke, to labor racketeering. Murray ("The Camel") Humphries muscled in on the teamsters, the operating engineers, and the cleaning-and-dyeing, laundry, and linen-supply industries. Through a small-time punk, Willie Bioff, and union official George Browne, Capone's chief successors, Frank ("The Enforcer") Nitti and Paul Ricca, came into control of the motion-picture union and proceeded to shake down the movie industry for fabulous sums in order to "avert strikes." In

1943, when the government moved in and smashed the industrial rackets, the remaining big shots, Charley Fischetti, Jake Guzik, and Tony Accardo decided to concentrate on gambling, and in particular began a drive to take over the racing wire.

In Chicago, the Guzik-Accardo gang, controlling a sub-distributor of the racing news service, began tapping Continental's wires, In Los Angeles, the head of the local distribution agency for Continental was beaten up by hoodlums working for Mickey Cohen and Joe Sica. Out of the blue appeared a new and competitive nationwide racing information and distribution service, known as Trans-American Publishing, the money for which was advanced by the Chicago mobs and Bugsy Siegel, who, at the time, held a monopoly of the bookmaking and wire-news service in Las Vegas. Many books pulled out of Continental and bought information from the new outfit, many hedged by buying from both. At the end of a year, however, the Capone mob's wire had lost about $200,000. Ragen felt that violence would erupt and went to the Cook County district attorney and told him that his life had been threatened by his rivals. Ragen knew his competitors. In June 1946 he was killed by a blast from a shotgun.

Thereafter, the Capone mob abandoned Trans-American and got a "piece" of Continental. Through their new control of the national racing-wire monopoly, the Capone mob began to muscle in on the lucrative Miami gambling business run by the so-called S & G syndicate. For a long time S & G's monopoly over bookmaking had been so complete that when New York gambler Frank Erickson bought a three months' bookmaking concession at the expensive Roney Plaza Hotel, for $45,000, the local police, in a highly publicized raid, swooped down on the hotel; the next year the Roney Plaza was again using local talent. The Capone group, however, was tougher. They demanded an interest in Miami bookmaking, and, when refused, began organizing a syndicate of their own, persuading some bookies at the big hotels to join them. Florida Governor Warren's crime investigator appeared—a friend, it seemed, of old Chicago dog-track operator William Johnston, who had contributed $100,000 to the Governor's campaign fund—and began raiding bookie joints, but only those that were affiliated with S & G. Then S & G, which had been buying its racing news from the local distributor of Continental Press, found its service abruptly shut off. For a few days the syndicate sought to bootleg in-

formation from New Orleans, but found itself limping along. After ten days' war of attrition, the five S & G partners found themselves with a sixth partner, who, for a token "investment" of $20,000 entered a Miami business that grossed $26,000,000 in one year.

V

While Americans made gambling illegal, they did not in their hearts think of it as wicked—even the churches benefited from the bingo and lottery crazes. So they gambled—and gamblers flourished. Against this open canvas, the indignant tones of Senator Wiley and the shocked righteousness of Senator Tobey during the Kefauver investigation rang oddly. Yet it was probably this very tone of surprise that gave the activity of the Kefauver Committee its piquant quality. Here were some Senators who seemingly did not know the facts of life, as most Americans did. Here, in the person of Senator Tobey, was the old New England Puritan conscience poking around in industrial America, in a world it had made but never seen. Here was old-fashioned moral indignation, at a time when cynicism was rampant in public life.

Commendable as such moralistic fervor was, it did not make for intelligent discrimination of fact. Throughout the Kefauver hearings, for example, there ran the presumption that all gamblers were invariably gangsters. This was true of Chicago's Accardo-Guzik combine, which in the past had its fingers in many kinds of rackets. It was not nearly so true of many of the large gamblers in America, most of whom had the feeling that they were satisfying a basic American urge for sport and looked upon their calling with no greater sense of guilt than did many bootleggers. After all, Sherman Billingsley did start out as a speakeasy proprietor, as did the Kreindlers of the "21" Club; and today the Stork Club and the former Jack and Charlie's are the most fashionable night and dining spots in America (one prominent patron of the Stork Club: J. Edgar Hoover).

The S & G syndicate in Miami, for example (led by Harold Salvey, Jules Levitt, Charles Friedman, Sam Cohen, and Edward (Eddie Luckey) Rosenbaum was simply a master pool of some two hundred bookies that arranged for telephone service, handled "protection," acted as bankers for those who needed ready cash on hard-hit books, and, in short, functioned somewhat analogously to the large factoring

corporations in the textile field or the credit companies in the auto industry. Yet to Kefauver, these S & G men were "slippery and arrogant characters. . . . Salvey, for instance, was an old-time bookie who told us he had done nothing except engage in bookmaking or finance other bookmakers for twenty years." When, as a result of committee publicity and the newly found purity of the Miami police, the S & G syndicate went out of business, it was, as the combine's lawyer told Kefauver, because the "boys" were weary of being painted "the worst monsters in the world." "It is true," Cohen acknowledged, "that they had been law violators." But they had never done anything worse than gambling, and "to fight the world isn't worth it."

Most intriguing of all were the opinions of James J. Carroll, the St. Louis "betting commissioner," who for years had been widely quoted on the sports pages of the country as setting odds on the Kentucky Derby winter book and the baseball pennant races. Senator Wiley, speaking like the prosecutor in Camus's novel, *The Stranger*, became the voice of official morality:

SENATOR WILEY: Have you any children?
MR. CARROLL: Yes, I have a boy.
SENATOR WILEY: How old is he?
MR. CARROLL: Thirty-three.
SENATOR WILEY: Does he gamble?
MR. CARROLL: No.
SENATOR WILEY: Would you like to see him grow up and become a gambler, either professional or amateur?
MR. CARROLL: No . . .
SENATOR WILEY: All right. Is your son interested in your business?
MR. CARROLL: No, he is a manufacturer.
SENATOR WILEY: Why do you not get him into the business?
MR. CARROLL: Well, psychologically a great many people are unsuited for gambling.

Retreating from this gambit, the Senator sought to pin Carroll down on his contributions to political campaigns:

SENATOR WILEY: Now this morning I asked you whether you contributed any money for political candidates or parties, and you said not more than $200 at any one time. I presume that does not indicate the total of your contributions in any one campaign, does it?

MR. CARROLL: Well, it might, might not, Senator. I have been an "againster" in many instances. I am a reader of *The Nation* for fifty years and they have advertisements calling for contributions for different candidates, different causes. . . . They carried an advertisement for George Norris; I contributed, I think, to that, and to the elder La Follette.

Carroll, who admitted to having been in the betting business since 1899, was the sophisticated—but not immoral!—counterpoint to moralist Wiley. Here was a man without the stigmata of the underworld or underground; he was worldly, cynical of official rhetoric, jaundiced about people's motives, he was—an "againster" who believed that "all gambling legislation originates or stems from some group or some individual seeking special interests for himself or his cause."

Asked why people gamble, Carroll distilled his experiences of fifty years with a remark that deserves a place in American social history: "I really don't know how to answer the question," he said. "I think gambling is a biological necessity for certain types. I think it is the quality that gives substance to their daydreams."

In a sense, the entire Kefauver materials, unintentionally, seem to document that remark. For what the Committee revealed time and time again was a picture of gambling as a basic institution in American life, flourishing openly and accepted widely. In many of the small towns, the gambling joint is as open as a liquor establishment. The town of Havana, in Mason County, Illinois, felt miffed when Governor Adlai Stevenson intervened against local gambling. In 1950, the town had raised $15,000 of its $50,000 budget by making friendly raids on the gambling houses every month and having the owners pay fines. "With the gambling fines cut off," grumbled Mayor Clarence Chester, "the next year is going to be tough."

Apart from the gamblers, there were the mobsters. But what Senator Kefauver and company failed to understand was that the mobsters, like the gamblers, and like the entire gangdom generally, were seeking to become quasi-respectable and establish a place for themselves in American life. For the mobsters, by and large, had immigrant roots, and crime, as the pattern showed, was a route of social ascent and place in American life.

VI

The mobsters were able, where they wished, to "muscle in" on the gambling business because the established gamblers were wholly vulnerable, not being able to call on the law for protection. The Senators, however, refusing to make any distinction between a gambler and a gangster, found it convenient to talk loosely of a nationwide conspiracy of "illegal" elements. Senator Kefauver asserted that a "nationwide crime syndicate does exist in the United States, despite the protestations of a strangely assorted company of criminals, self-serving politicians, plain blind fools, and others who may be honestly misguided, that there is no such combine." The Senate Committee report states the matter more dogmatically: "There is a nationwide crime syndicate known as the Mafia. . . . Its leaders are usually found in control of the most lucrative rackets in their cities. There are indications of a centralized direction and control of these rackets. . . . The Mafia is the cement that helps to bind the Costello-Adonis-Lansky syndicate of New York and the Accardo-Guzik-Fischetti syndicate of Chicago. . . . These groups have kept in touch with Luciano since his deportation from the country."

Unfortunately for a good story—and the existence of the Mafia would be a whale of a story—neither the Senate Crime Committee in its testimony, nor Kefauver in his book, presented any real evidence that the Mafia exists as a functioning organization. One finds police officials asserting before the Kefauver committee their *belief* in the Mafia; the Narcotics Bureau *thinks* that a worldwide dope ring allegedly run by Luciano is part of the Mafia; but the only other "evidence" presented—aside from the incredulous responses both of Senator Kefauver and Rudolph Halley when nearly all the Italian gangsters asserted that they didn't know about the Mafia—is that certain crimes bear "the earmarks of the Mafia."

The legend of the Mafia has been fostered in recent years largely by the peephole writing team of Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer. In their *Chicago Confidential*, they rattled off a series of names and titles that made the organization sound like a rival to an Amos and Andy Kingfish society. Few serious reporters, however, give it much credence. Burton Turkus, the Brooklyn prosecutor who broke up the "Murder, Inc." ring, denies the existence of the Mafia. Nor could Senator Ke-

fauver even make out much of a case for his picture of a national crime syndicate. He is forced to admit that "as it exists today [it] is an elusive and furtive but nonetheless tangible thing," and that "its organization and machinations are not always easy to pinpoint." His "evidence" that many gangsters congregate at certain times of the year in such places as Hot Springs, Arkansas, in itself does not prove much; people "in the trade" usually do, and as the loquacious late Willie Moretti of New Jersey said, in explaining how he had met the late Al Capone at a race track, "Listen, well-charactered people you don't need introductions to; you just meet automatically."

Why did the Senate Crime Committee plump so hard for its theory of the Mafia and a national crime syndicate? In part, they may have been misled by their own hearsay. The Senate Committee was not in the position to do original research, and its staff, both legal and investigative, was incredibly small. Senator Kefauver had begun the investigation with the attitude that with so much smoke there must be a raging fire. But smoke can also mean a smoke screen. Mob activities is a field in which busy gossip and exaggeration flourish even more readily than in a radical political sect.

There is, as well, in the American temper, a feeling that "somewhere," "somebody" is pulling all the complicated strings to which this jumbled world dances. In politics the labor image is "Wall Street," or "Big Business"; while the business stereotype was the "New Dealers." In the field of crime, the side-of-the-mouth low-down was "Costello."

The salient reason, perhaps, why the Kefauver Committee was taken in by its own myth of an omnipotent Mafia and a despotic Costello was its failure to assimilate and understand three of the more relevant sociological facts about institutionalized crime in its relation to the political life of large urban communities in America, namely: (1) the rise of the American Italian community, as part of the inevitable process of ethnic succession, to positions of importance in politics, a process that has been occurring independently but almost simultaneously in most cities with large Italian constituencies—New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles; (2) the fact that there are individual Italians who play prominent, often leading roles today in gambling and in the mobs; and (3) the fact that Italian gamblers and mobsters often possessed "status" within the Italian community itself

and a "pull" in city politics.[1] These three items are indeed related—but not so as to form a "plot."

VII

The Italian community has achieved wealth and political influence much later and in a harder way than previous immigrant groups. Early Jewish wealth, that of the German Jews of the late nineteenth century, was made largely in banking and merchandising. To that extent, the dominant group in the Jewish community was outside of, and independent of, the urban political machines. Later Jewish wealth, among the East European immigrants, was built in the garment trades, though with some involvement with the Jewish gangster, who was typically an industrial racketeer (Arnold Rothstein, Lepke and Gurrah, etc.) Among Jewish lawyers, a small minority, such as the "Tammany lawyer" (like the protagonist of Sam Ornitz's *Haunch, Paunch* and *Jowl*) rose through politics and occasionally touched the fringes of crime. Most of the Jewish lawyers, by and large the communal leaders, climbed rapidly, however, in the opportunities that established and legitimate Jewish wealth provided. Irish immigrant wealth in the northern urban centers, concentrated largely in construction, trucking and the waterfront, has, to a substantial extent, been wealth accumulated in and through political alliance, e.g. favoritism in city contracts.[2]

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[1]Toward the end of his hearings, Senator Kefauver read a telegram from an indignant citizen of Italian descent, protesting against the impression the committee had created that organized crime in America was a distinctly Italian enterprise. The Senator took the occasion to state the obvious: that there are racketeers who are Italian does not mean that Italians are racketeers. However, it may be argued that to the extent the Kefauver Committee fell for the line about crime in America being organized and controlled by the Mafia, it did foster such a misunderstanding. Perhaps this is also the place to point out that insofar as the relation of ethnic groups and ethnic problems to illicit and quasi-legal activities is piously ignored, the field is left open to the kind of vicious sensationalism practiced by Mortimer and Lait.

[2]A fact which should occasion little shock if one recalls that in the nineteenth century American railroads virtually stole 190,000,000 acres of land by bribing Congressmen, and that more recently such scandals as the Teapot Dome oil grabs during the Harding administration, consummated, as the Supreme Court said, "by means of conspiracy, fraud and bribery," reached to the very doors of the White House.

Control of the politics of the city thus has been crucial for the continuance of Irish political wealth. This alliance of Irish immigrant wealth and politics has been reciprocal; many noted Irish political figures lent their names as important window-dressing for business corporations (Al Smith, for example, who helped form the U.S. Trucking Corporation, whose executive head for many years was William J. McCormack, the alleged "Mr. Big" of the New York waterfront) while Irish businessmen have lent their wealth to further the careers of Irish politicians. Irish mobsters have rarely achieved status in the Irish community, but have served as integral arms of the politicians, as strong-arm men on election day.

The Italians found the more obvious big city paths from rags to riches pre-empted. In part this was due to the character of the early Italian immigration. Most of them were unskilled and from rural stock. Jacob Riis could remark in the '90's, "the Italian comes in at the bottom and stays there." These dispossessed agricultural laborers found jobs as ditch-diggers, on the railroads as section hands, along the docks, in the service occupations, as shoemakers, barbers, garment workers, and stayed there. Many were fleeced by the "padrone" system, a few achieved wealth from truck farming, wine growing, and marketing produce; but this "marginal wealth" was not the source of coherent and stable political power.

Significantly, although the number of Italians in the U.S. is about a third as high as the number of Irish, and of the 30,000,000 Catholic communicants in the United States, about half are of Irish descent and a sixth of Italian, there is not one Italian bishop among the hundred Catholic bishops in this country, or one Italian archbishop among the 21 archbishops. The Irish have a virtual monopoly. This is a factor related to the politics of the American church; but the condition also is possible because there is not significant or sufficient wealth among Italian Americans to force some parity.

The children of the immigrants, the second and third generation, became wise in the ways of the urban slums. Excluded from the political ladder—in the early '30's there were almost no Italians on the city payroll in top jobs, nor in books of the period can one find discussion of Italian political leaders—finding few open routes to wealth, some turned to illicit ways. In the children's court statistics of the 1930's, the largest group of delinquents were the Italian; nor were there any

Italian communal or social agencies to cope with these problems. Yet it was, oddly enough, the quondam racketeer, seeking to become respectable, who provided one of the major supports for the drive to win a political voice for Italians in the power structure of the urban political machines.

This rise of the Italian political bloc was connected, at least in the major northern urban centers, to another important development which tended to make the traditional relation between the politician and the protected or tolerated illicit operator more close than it had been in the past. This is the fact that the urban political machines had to evolve new forms of fund-raising since the big business contributions, which once went heavily into municipal politics, now—with the shift in the locus of power—go largely into national affairs. (The ensuing corruption in national politics, as recent Congressional investigations show, is no petty matter; the scruples of businessmen do not seem much superior to those of the gamblers.) One way urban political machines raised their money resembled that of the large corporations which are no longer dependent on Wall Street: by self-financing—that is, by "taxing" the large number of municipal employees who bargain collectively with City Hall for their wage increases. So the firemen's union contributed money to O'Dwyer's campaign.

A second method was taxing the gamblers. The classic example, as *Life* reported, was Jersey City, where a top lieutenant of the Hague machine spent his full time screening applicants for unofficial bookmaking licenses. If found acceptable, the applicant was given a "location," usually the house or store of a loyal precinct worker, who kicked into the machine treasury a high proportion of the large rent exacted. The one thousand bookies and their one thousand landlords in Jersey City formed the hard core of the political machine that sweated and bled to get out the votes for Hague.

A third source for the financing of these machines was the new, and often illegally earned, Italian wealth. This is well illustrated by the career of Costello and his emergence as a political power in New York. Here the ruling motive has been the search for an entrée—for oneself and one's ethnic group—into the ruling circles of the big city.

Frank Costello made his money originally in bootlegging. After repeal, his big break came when Huey Long, desperate for ready cash to fight the old-line political machines, invited Costello to install slot

machines in Louisiana. Costello did, and he flourished. Together with Dandy Phil Kastel, he also opened the Beverly Club, an elegant gambling establishment just outside New Orleans, at which have appeared some of the top entertainers in America. Subsequently, Costello invested his money in New York real estate (including 79 Wall Street, which he later sold), the Copacabana night club, and a leading brand of Scotch whiskey.

Costello's political opportunity came when a money-hungry Tammany, starved by lack of patronage from Roosevelt and La Guardia, turned to him for financial support. The Italian community in New York has for years nursed a grievance against the Irish and, to a lesser extent, the Jewish political groups for monopolizing political power. They complained about the lack of judicial jobs, the small number—usually one—of Italian Congressmen, the lack of representation on the state tickets. But the Italians lacked the means to make their ambitions a reality. Although they formed a large voting bloc, there was rarely sufficient wealth to finance political clubs. Italian immigrants, largely poor peasants from Southern Italy and Sicily, lacked the mercantile experience of the Jews, and the political experience gained in the seventy-five-year history of Irish immigration.

During the Prohibition years, the Italian racketeers had made certain political contacts in order to gain protection. Costello, always the compromiser and fixer rather than the muscle-man, was the first to establish relations with Jimmy Hines, the powerful leader of the West Side in Tammany Hall. But his rival, Lucky Luciano, suspicious of the Irish, and seeking more direct power, backed and elected Al Marinelli for district leader on the Lower West Side. Marinelli in 1932 was the only Italian leader inside Tammany Hall. Later, he was joined by Dr. Paul Sarubbi, a partner of Johnny Torrio in a large, legitimate liquor concern. Certainly, Costello and Luciano represented no "unified" move by the Italians as a whole for power; within the Italian community there are as many divisions as in any other group. What is significant is that different Italians, for different reasons, and in various fashions, were achieving influence for the first time. Marinelli became county clerk of New York and a leading power in Tammany. In 1937, after being blasted by Tom Dewey, then running for district attorney, as a "political ally of thieves . . . and big-shot racketeers," Marinelli was removed from office by Governor Lehman. The sub-

sequent conviction by Dewey of Luciano and Hines, and the election of La Guardia, left most of the Tammany clubs financially weak and foundering. This was the moment Costello made his move. In a few years, by judicious financing, he controlled a block of "Italian" leaders in the Hall—as well as some Irish on the upper West Side, and some Jewish leaders on the East Side—and was able to influence the selection of a number of Italian judges. The most notable incident, revealed by a wire tap on Costello's phone, was the "Thank you, Francisco" call in 1943 by Supreme Court nominee Thomas Aurelio, who gave Costello full credit for his nomination.

It was not only Tammany that was eager to accept campaign contributions from newly rich Italians, even though some of these *nouveaux riches* had "arrived" through bootlegging and gambling. Fiorello La Guardia, the wiliest mind that Melting Pot politics has ever produced, understood in the early '30's where much of his covert support came from. (So, too, did Vito Marcantonio, an apt pupil of the master: Marcantonio has consistently made deals with the Italian leaders of Tammany Hall—in 1943 he supported Aurelio, and refused to repudiate him even when the Democratic Party formally did.) Joe Adonis, who had built a political following during the late '20's, when he ran a popular speakeasy, aided La Guardia financially to a considerable extent in 1933. "The Democrats haven't recognized the Italians," Adonis told a friend. "There is no reason for the Italians to support anybody but La Guardia; the Jews have played ball with the Democrats and haven't gotten much out of it. They know it now. They will vote for La Guardia. So will the Italians."

Adonis played his cards shrewdly. He supported La Guardia, but also a number of Democrats for local and judicial posts, and became a power in the Brooklyn area. His restaurant was frequented by Kenny Sutherland, the Coney Island Democratic leader; Irwin Steingut, the Democratic minority leader in Albany; Anthony DiGiovanni, later a Councilman; William O'Dwyer, and Jim Moran. But, in 1937, Adonis made the mistake of supporting Royal Copeland against La Guardia, and the irate Fiorello finally drove Adonis out of New York.[3]

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[3]Adonis, and associate Willie Moretti, moved across the river to Bergen County, New Jersey, where, together with the quondam racketeer Abner, "Longie" Zwillman, he became one of the political powers in the state. Gambling flourished in

La Guardia later turned his ire against Costello, too. Yet Costello survived and reached the peak of his influence in 1942, when he was instrumental in electing Michael Kennedy leader of Tammany Hall. Despite the Aurelio fiasco, which first brought Costello into notoriety, he still had sufficient power in the Hall to swing votes for Hugo Rogers as Tammany leader in 1945, and had a tight grip on some districts as late as 1948. In those years many a Tammany leader came hat in hand to Costello's apartment, or sought him out on the golf links, to obtain the nomination for a judicial post.

During this period, other Italian political leaders were also coming to the fore. Generoso Pope, whose Colonial Sand and Stone Company began to prosper through political contacts, became an important political figure, especially when his purchase of the two largest Italian-language dailies (later merged into one), and of a radio station, gave him almost a monopoly of channels to Italian-speaking opinion of the city. Through Generoso Pope, and through Costello, the Italians became a major political force in New York.

That the urban machines, largely Democratic, have financed their heavy campaign costs in this fashion rather than having to turn to the "moneyed interests," explains in some part why these machines were able, in part, to support the New and Fair Deals without suffering the pressures they might have been subjected to had their source of money supply been the business groups. Although he has never publicly revealed his political convictions, it is likely that Frank Costello was a fervent admirer of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his efforts to aid the common man. The basic measures of the New Deal, which most Americans today agree were necessary for the public good, would not have been possible without the support of the "corrupt" big-city machines.

VIII

There is little question that men of Italian origin appeared in most of the leading roles in the high drama of gambling and mobs, just as twenty years ago the children of East European Jews were the most

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Bergen County for almost a decade but after the Kefauver investigation the state was forced to act. A special inquiry in 1953 headed by Nelson Stamler, revealed that Moretti had paid $286,000 to an aide of Governor Driscoll for "protection" and that the Republican state committee had accepted a $25,000 "loan" from gambler Joseph Bozzo, an associate of Zwillman.

prominent figures in organized crime, and before that individuals of Irish descent were similarly prominent. To some extent statistical accident and the tendency of newspapers to emphasize the few sensational figures gives a greater illusion about the domination of illicit activities by a single ethnic group than all the facts warrant. In many cities, particularly in the South and on the West Coast, the mob and gambling fraternity consisted of many other groups, and often, predominantly, native white Protestants. Yet it is clear that in the major northern urban centers there was a distinct ethnic sequence in the modes of obtaining illicit wealth, and that uniquely in the case of the recent Italian elements, the former bootleggers and gamblers provided considerable leverage for the growth of political influence as well. A substantial number of Italian judges sitting on the bench in New York today are indebted in one fashion or another to Costello; so too are many Italian district leaders—as well as some Jewish and Irish politicians. And the motive in establishing Italian political prestige in New York was generous rather than scheming for personal advantage. For Costello it was largely a case of ethnic pride. As in earlier American eras, organized illegality became a stepladder of social ascent.

To the world at large, the news and pictures of Frank Sinatra, for example, mingling with former Italian mobsters could come somewhat as a shock. Yet to Sinatra, and to many Italians, these were men who had grown up in their neighborhoods, and who were, in some instances, bywords in the community for their helpfulness and their charities. The early Italian gangsters were hoodlums—rough, unlettered, and young (Al Capone was only twenty-nine at the height of his power). Those who survived learned to adapt. By now they are men of middle age or older. They learned to dress conservatively. Their homes are in respectable suburbs. They sent their children to good schools and had sought to avoid publicity.[4] Costello even went to a psychiatrist in his efforts to overcome a painful feeling of inferiority in the world of manners.

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[4]Except at times by being overly neighborly, like Tony Accardo, who, at Yuletide 1949, in his elegant River Forest home, decorated a 40-foot tree on his lawn and beneath it set a wooden Santa and reindeer, while around the yard, on tracks, electrically operated skating figures zipped merrily around while a loud speaker poured out Christmas carols. The next Christmas, the Accardo lawn was darkened; Tony was on the lam from Kefauver.

As happens with all "new" money in American society, the rough and ready contractors, the construction people, trucking entrepreneurs, as well as racketeers, polished up their manners and sought recognition and respectability in their own ethnic as well as in the general community. The "shanty" Irish became the "lace curtain" Irish, and then moved out for wider recognition.[5] Sometimes acceptance came first in established "American" society, and this was a certificate for later recognition by the ethnic community, a process well illustrated by the belated acceptance in established Negro society of such figures as Sugar Ray Robinson and Joe Louis, as well as leading popular entertainers.

Yet, after all, the foundation of many a distinguished older American fortune was laid by sharp practices and morally reprehensible methods. The pioneers of American capitalism were not graduated from Harvard's School of Business Administration. The early settlers and founding fathers, as well as those who "won the west" and built up cattle, mining and other fortunes, often did so by shady speculations and a not inconsiderable amount of violence. They ignored, circumvented or stretched the law when it stood in the way of America's destiny, and their own—or, were themselves the law when it served their purposes. This has not prevented them and their descendants from feeling proper moral outrage when under the changed circumstances of the crowded urban environments later comers pursued equally ruthless tactics.

IX

Ironically, the social development which made possible the rise to political influence sounds, too, the knell of the Italian gangster. For it is the growing number of Italians with professional training and legitimate business success that both prompts and permits the Italian

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[5]The role of ethnic pride in corralling minority group votes is one of the oldest pieces of wisdom in American politics; but what is more remarkable is the persistence of this identification through second and third generation descendants, a fact which, as Samuel Lubell noted in his *Future of American Politics*, was one of the explanatory keys to political behavior in recent elections. Although the Irish bloc as a solid Democratic bloc is beginning to crack, particularly as middle-class status impels individuals to identify more strongly with the G.O.P., the nomination in Massachusetts of Jack Kennedy for the United States Senate created a tremendous solidarity among Irish voters and Kennedy was elected over Lodge although Eisenhower swept the state.

group to wield increasing political influence; and increasingly it is the professionals and businessmen who provide models for Italian youth today, models that hardly existed twenty years ago. Ironically, the headlines and exposés of "crime" of the Italian "gangsters" came years after the fact. Many of the top "crime" figures long ago had forsworn violence, and even their income, in large part, was derived from legitimate investments (real estate in the case of Costello, motor haulage and auto dealer franchises in the case of Adonis) or from such quasi-legitimate but socially respectable sources as gambling casinos. Hence society's "retribution" in the jail sentences for Costello and Adonis was little more than a trumped-up morality that disguised a social hypocrisy.

Apart from these considerations, what of the larger context of crime and the American way of life? The passing of the Fair Deal signalizes, oddly, the passing of an older pattern of illicit activities. The gambling fever of the past decade and a half was part of the flush and exuberance of rising incomes, and was characteristic largely of new upper-middle class rich having a first fling at conspicuous consumption. This upper-middle class rich, a significant new stratum in American life (not rich in the nineteenth century sense of enormous wealth, but largely middle-sized businessmen and entrepreneurs of the service and luxury trades—the "tertiary economy" in Colin Clark's phrase—who by the tax laws have achieved sizable incomes often much higher than the managers of the super-giant corporations) were the chief patrons of the munificent gambling casinos. During the war decade when travel was difficult, gambling and the lush resorts provided important outlets for this social class. Now they are settling down, learning about Europe and culture. The petty gambling, the betting and bingo which relieve the tedium of small town life, or the expectation among the urban slum dwellers of winning a sizable sum by a "lucky number" or a "lucky horse" goes on. To quote Bernard Baruch: "You can't stop people from gambling on horses. And why should you prohibit a man from backing his own judgment? It's another form of personal initiative." But the lush profits are passing from gambling, as the costs of coordination rise. And in the future it is likely that gambling, like prostitution, winning tacit acceptance as a necessary fact, will continue on a decentralized, small entrepreneur basis.

But passing, too, is a political pattern, the system of political "bosses" which in its reciprocal relation provided "protection" for and was fed revenue from crime. The collapse of the "boss" system was a product of the Roosevelt era. Twenty years ago Jim Farley's task was simple; he had to work only on some key state bosses. Now there is no longer such an animal. New Jersey Democracy was once ruled by Frank Hague; now there are five or six men each top dog, for the moment, in his part of the state or faction of the party. Within the urban centers, the old Irish-dominated political machines in New York, Boston, Newark, and Chicago have fallen apart. The decentralization of the metropolitan centers, the growth of suburbs and satellite towns, the break-up of the old ecological patterns of slum and transient belts, the rise of functional groups, the increasing middle-class character of American life, all contribute to this decline.

With the rationalization and absorption of some illicit activities into the structure of the economy, the passing of an older generation that had established a hegemony over crime, the general rise of minority groups to social position, and the break-up of the urban boss system, the pattern of crime we have discussed is passing as well. Crime, of course, remains as long as passion and the desire for gain remain. But big, organized city crime, as we have known it for the past seventy-five years, was based on more than these universal motives. It was based on certain characteristics of the American economy, American ethnic groups, and American politics. The changes in all these areas means that it too, in the form we have known it, is at an end.

Totalitarianism and History

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

FOR OVER TWO DECADES, Soviet historiography has been in steadily deepening crisis. Histories succeed each other as if they were being consumed by a giant chain smoker who lights the first volume of the new work with the last of the old. Historians appear, disappear and reappear; others vanish without a trace.

Originally, only party history was subject to rigid prescription. Then Soviet history was added. Latterly, the area of command performance and commanded conclusions has spread outward to America and Asia and the wastes of Antarctica, backward to the Middle Ages, to Byzantium, to the shadowy origins of the Slavs and the pre-dawn of the Kievan state, to China's earliest culture. One day a given statement of events or interpretation is obligatory. The next it is condemned in words which seem to portend the doom of the historian who faithfully carried out his instructions. If it is a pronouncement of Stalin which he is following, all the more severely must he condemn himself—of course, without involving the Leader in his "self-criticism."

Often the central personages of an event become *unpersons*, as if they had never existed. The Civil War must now be rewritten as if there never had been a War Commissar named Leon Trotsky. The Soviet theatre, once the subject of so many histories, is historyless once more, until somebody contrives to write a new version without a trace of the great innovator-director, Vsevolod Meierhold. On February 15, 1951, *Pravda* accomplished the feat of "commemorating" the tenth anniversary of the Eighteenth Party Conference, in which Voznesensky delivered the main report, without so much as mentioning the name of the reporter!

This article was delivered as a paper by BERTRAM D. WOLFE at the conference on Totalitarianism of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences last March. The entire proceedings of the conference are to be published by the Harvard University Press.

Today the Balkarians are missing from Volume "B" of the new edition of the "Great Encyclopedia"; the Volga Germans have become an *unpeople*; and the Crimean Tartars, having been expelled from their centuries-old home to a region under the Arctic Circle, have had the place names of their former habitations extirpated, and are now being subjected to the shrinking of their historical role in the Crimea to the point where they are gradually becoming an *unpeople*, too.

During the past spring even objects began to become *unobjects*, as *Pravda* and the regional press from February to May reported a grim and thoroughgoing purge of scores of local and national museums all the way from Lithuania to Kazakhstan. The Lithuanian museums were rebuked for failing to show the influence of Great Russian culture and the struggles and longings of their peoples for the extinction of their independence, while the Kazakh museums were condemned for the nostalgic splendor of their daggers, guns, harnesses, bridal costumes, and for failing to display any objects showing Great Russia's civilizing influence and the "progressive" character of her annexation of Kazakhstan.

If we seek to define the limits of this vast *operation palimpsest* we are struck by their continual enlargement: outward in space, backward in time, ever more profound in depth and ever more attentive even to minuscule detail. The operation tends to totality as everything in the total state tends to become total.

II

History has become a "weapon," a "fighting science," an arm of propaganda, the first function of which is the justification of the shifting policies of the Soviet government through reference to the "facts" and "documents" of the "past." The past has always been subject to the interpretive fashions of a changing present, but in the new history the past loses its pastness and firmness at a rate that is as dizzying as the changing policies of the Soviet Government.

"Marxist historical scholarship," says a keynote article in the professional journal, *Problems of History*, "must wage an incessant war against the falsification of history by the bourgeoisie. This war which places Soviet historians on the firing line, is being conducted, and must be conducted, in all fields of historical science. . . . Soviet historical

science develops under the constant and close leadership of the Soviet state, the Bolshevik Party, and Stalin personally. . . ."[1]

But to say that history has become a weapon and the historian a warrior is scarcely to touch upon what is essentially new in the new history. Historiography has been absorbed into ideology and must support and accord with and be pervaded by the ideology that justifies and takes its character from the regime. History is part of a myth or mystique, so that its actors, its forces and trends, its trajectory from past through present to the future, must be in keeping with the style that characterizes the whole system. Just as painting and poetry and music must conform to that "style," so history, which is once more a form of poetry in its primary sense of myth-making.

What the totalitarian is sure of is what the rest of us are most unsure of. Historians find it hard enough to determine what really happened in the past, more difficult to apprehend what is happening in the present, and impossible to foretell the future. It is the totalitarian's certainty as to the future which makes him so ruthless in manipulating the present. To make the present conform to the inevitable future, he finds it justifiable to use force and fraud, persuasion and violence, to wage total and unending war on "all existing conditions," on all classes of society, on all realms of the spirit. Being thus ruthless with the present in the name of the future, shall he be more tender with the past?

Or, to put it purely in terms of "the record," shall a Vyshinsky who does not hesitate to rewrite the record of the North Korean invasion of South Korea even while it is occurring under our eyes, be any more scrupulous with fact when the events of 1917 are concerned, events which are receding with explosive speed and suffering what the astronomer calls a "red shift" in the outer reaches of the universe of history?

Shall the Dictator, who does not hesitate to sacrifice millions of lives in the erection of a given state institution or the fulfillment of a given state plan, be less harsh with facts and records than with men? More tender with the traditions and men of other lands and other times than he is with the men of his own land and time? If he puts

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[1]I. Kon: K voprosu o spetsifike i zadachakh istoricheskoi nauki. (On the Problem of the Specificity and Tasks of Historical Science). Voprosy istorii, No. 6, 1951, p. 63.

even the wayward artist into uniform, shall he not do as much with the historian who has so often in the past worn court livery or priestly vestments or other habiliments pressed upon him by his patrons?

But this time the patronage, too, is total. It is not his to accept or reject. There is no resignation from its service, no area that is remote or neutral, no scope to educate or convince the patron who already *knows*, no chance to live in the interstices of society, to get away with Aesopian language. Nor, if the total state has its way ("tomorrow the world") will there be any ultimate possibility of remaining a historian-in-exile, or a historian-in-defeat, as were Napoleon, Trotsky and Macchiavelli. The Inquisitor will thrust a bayonet into the mattress, look for a false bottom in the trunk, rip up the flooring in search of the hidden, unpublished and unpublishable manuscript addressed to one's own conscience or a longed for and contingent "posterity." The Inquisitor knows that he represents posterity. Therefore, he feels justified in searching the hidden recesses of the soul for a lurking doubt, or he puts a bullet in the base of the brain as a sure end to all refractory memory.

III

It is instructive to examine the first modest model of the new totalitarian historiography, Lavrenti Beria's "On the History of the Bolshevik Organizations in Transcaucasia," alternatively titled, "Stalin's Early Writings and Activities." In it, all other parties and factions save the Bolshevik faction disappear, or appear only as deliberate but ineffectual opponents of the things they in many cases actually sought or accomplished. Even other Bolsheviks are expropriated of their words and deeds—all, that is, except one. Just as all the achievements of the Russian people, the canals, the bridges, the railways, the steel mills, the plans and the fulfillments, were all the work of Joseph Stalin personally, just as he personally directed the war on all fronts and personally won the peace, personally cared for the scientists and directed the lines of their research, so "The History of the Bolshevik Organizations in Transcaucasia" *is* "Stalin's Early Writings and Activities." Title and subtitle are one, Actor and history are one. It is an early phase in the synthetic production of a charismatic leader that forms one of the central purposes of Soviet historiography.

Before Beria wrote, Yenukidze, one of Stalin's teachers, remembered one thing, Ordjonikidze, one of Stalin's cronies and comrades-

in-arms, another, Makharadze, leading Georgian Bolshevik historian, yet another. There was confusion and uncertainty. But the chief of the Georgian GPU gave a two day lecture in 1935 at a party conference. The lecture became a book and all confusion was dissipated along with the mists of conflicting evidence and uncertainty. The history of Transcaucasia was established, co-ordinated, streamlined. All important Transcaucasian organizations, it turned out, had been formed, all strikes led, all key thoughts thought and key articles written, by the youthful Joseph Stalin. Whoever remembered otherwise ended up with a bullet in the base of the brain and a footnote in later editions of Beria's book, reading: "So-and-so has since been exposed as an enemy of the people." Even the earlier editions of Beria's book were successively consigned to the great Orwellian memory hole, while all "pre-historic" documents were refurbished and reissued in new retroactive editions to accord with the new history. Need we wonder that so valuable a historian should in 1938 have been promoted from Transcaucasian to All-Russian historiography as the Chief of the NKVD, true guardian of Clio in her latest totalitarian incarnation?

IV

In the new historiography there is a startling reversal in the roles of history-maker and historian. In the pretotalitarian epoch or in the free world, men make their history as best they can, and then the historians try to determine the relations between what they thought they were doing, what they said they were doing, and what they have really done. But the new rulers know what they are doing. They possess in their ideology and in their charismatic attributes a prophetic insight and an absolute key to the future. They are history-makers in a new sense, having banished all uncertainty and contingency from human affairs. They no longer need critical interpreters and assayers of their intentions, their words, their deeds, and the consequences of their deeds.

Furthermore, there is a reversal in the roles of history or experience and ideology or theory. The experimental thinker likes to believe that he derives his ideas concerning society and history from the facts of history as they have developed. But for the totalitarian his ideology is unquestionable and absolute, and history must conform with it, or

rather, derive from it. "Who controls the future controls the present. Who controls the present, controls the past."

The totalitarian movement begins by being its own historian. It is a movement that, before it takes power, already aims at a total rupture with the past. It rejects the idea of organic growth, mocks at all traditional and inherited and evolving institutions and ideas and all their living representatives. Even the mighty dead must be made "usable," i.e. made to conform, or they must be mocked, diminished, debunked and retroactively purged.

The leaders of the totalitarian movements are essentially autodidacts who in their hearts have contempt for history. They are assured and certain men who have no place for uncertainty, contingency, tentativeness, no humility before the vastness of the unknown and the refractoriness and impermeability of the given, no sense of the precariousness and fragility of the accumulated heritage of culture and civilization. They are the "terrible simplifiers" whom Burckhardt foretold; monists who have no toleration for pluralism in theory or in life. Before they are in power they ignore, after they are in power, they burn, the documents that might testify against their overriding ideology or call in question their version of any event however remote. They are driven by a compulsion to ferret out and destroy or "edit" any document that might sow the slightest seedcorn of doubt. Doubt —the tinest shadow of doubt—is for the totalitarian intolerable. Nay more, it is menacing. Still more, it is treason. "So-and-so has since been revealed to be an enemy of the people."

The totalitarian leader, as Hannah Ahrendt has pointed out, finds his chief recruiting ground among untutored and inexperienced masses that have hitherto been inert and passive and have had no experience with programs or history. Life has recently roused them from their historyless limbo by inexplicably casting them out of a society that was at best inexplicable. There is real satisfaction in finding someone who can assure them that all the organic and traditional is as meaningless as it has seemed to them, that all the dignitaries are undignified and fraudulent deceivers carrying on a meaningless show which will stop the minute the sailor with a pistol dissolves the parliament or the half-wit with the torch sets fire to the Reichstag building. Then "their" meaningless history will stop and "our" meaningful historyless history will begin.

V

Politicians have rarely been historians, and when they have, it has usually been in moments of exile or defeat or at least temporary dismissal. Their deeds no longer speaking for them, they have been moved to choose words. But in contradistinction to a Napoleon, a Thucidydes, a Xenophon, a Josephus, or even a Churchill, who wait to turn their energies into the writing of history until defeat has deprived them of the opportunity of making it, Stalin engaged in the writing of history as one of the means by which he climbed to power. Then he used power itself as one of the means of writing, or rather "editing" and rewriting history. History having proved a useful weapon to assault the arsenals of power, his control of the arsenals showed him how the sword or pistol might guide the pen. This explains the ruthless political utilitarianism, the combative factionalism, the *partiinost* which he impressed upon history. That is why first "rotten liberalism" towards hitherto controversial matters, and then "objectivism" in dealing with historical fact became scholarly crimes.[2]

Having broken violently with the past and seized power by violence, the totalitarian regime has thereby broken the habits of obedience and service and the very fabric of legitimacy. It is therefore perpetually driven to spin the web of its legitimacy out of its own entrails and as constantly to break the web again, thereby giving to historiography a vertiginous instability. It develops a mania for self-justification and self-advertisement, which is as total as every other aspect of its life.

In contradistinction to the limited and time-hallowed despotisms of an earlier day, totalitarianism requires modern technology and modern manipulative psychology as preconditions for its emergence. It takes total organization and total power—not propaganda skill, but the union of pen and sword or pen and pistol in a single hand—to do so complete a job. Once the total state has concentrated in its control not only all the means of production of material goods but no less of

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[2] *Partiinost*, literally, "partyness," may be partially rendered by the words "partisanship" and "party spirit." It is a demand made not only on history and the social sciences, but also on the natural sciences and art and letters. "Rotten liberalism" was first used by Stalin in a pronouncement on historiography. "Objectivism" is a grave reproach now in any of the sciences.

spiritual goods—all the modes of expression, communication, criticism, thought, feeling, all love and hate, all paper, ink, type, loudspeakers, microphones, cameras, cinemas, montage and cutting rooms, theaters, walls, churches, schools, lecterns, meeting halls, all import and export of and traffic in ideas—it becomes possible to reshape the past, the ruler's, the party's and the public past, nearer to the heart's desire.

VI

Driven by the restlessness of its changing line, its unending penetration into all aspects of life and its tireless drive to revolutionize everything from above, the totalitarian regime endlessly revises its historiography to accord with its latest line and actions. Every such revision has its resonance effects in a thousand unexpected places. Because in totalitarianism's view, everything is relevant to its aims and everything is connected with everything else, even each minor revision is likely in the end to move outward in ever widening ripples towards totality.

Totalitarianism is painfully, morbidly distrustful and susceptible to suggestion from even the most remote analogy. Its cruelty and resolute thoroughness are based on its own inner unsureness, whence the astounding energy and hatred with which it may attack the tiniest and most neutral-seeming observation.

Thus, a morbid awareness of Russia's own backwardness in 1917 (making it, from a Marxist view, inappropriate for a socialist revolution), and a morbid awareness of Russia's backwardness in many spheres today, compels the totalitarian historian to revise the history of the steppe tribes and their backwardness in relation to Byzantium, to make Tadjikia more advanced than ancient Persia, and Kazakhstan than Arabia and Turkey. How Soviet historiography is wrestling with the problem of rooting out the memory of the old Slavic Chronicle which told how the Kievan Slavs asked Norsemen to come and rule over them!

Because it is totalistic, totalitarianism assumes that every event, every interpretation, every symbolical person or act, every thought or institution, every element of the social system and our vision of it, no matter how remote or insignificant, has implications for society as a whole and for the ideology that rules it. This ideology saturates life as water does a swamp. All politics, all institutions, all feelings, are

now "nationalized" and, what is more important, stylized, to agree with the over-all style that characterizes the regime.

Hence the tribute which the official historian Prankratova paid to the Supreme Architect of History and Lord of Life is literally true: "Stalin has extended the limits of *Soviet* history by 1500 to 2000 years." The latest textbooks of "The History of the USSR" actually extend Soviet history through the shadowy origins of the Slavs into the Balkans; through the intercourse of the Slavs with Byzantium, through the Transcaucasian kingdoms, and the fact that the Tigris and Euphrates take their rise in the farther slopes of the Caucasus, into Babylonia, Assyria, Greece, the Middle East and even Egypt; through the Mongols and the Central Asian peoples into the history of Asia; through the Yakuts and their relations with Bronze Age China into Chinese pre-history; through the Russian and Russian-hired explorers of Alaska, California and the Antarctic, into every continent but Australia. (Can this explain the puzzling fact that the Soviet bookstore in New Work is named "Four Continents"?)

Even nationalism is being curiously "nationalized" by the new totalitarian historiography. The history of the Balkans and other "People's Democracies" is being rewritten in the Slavic Studies Section of the Academy of Sciences of the Soviet Union. Bulgaria is getting a new look. Rumania's animus toward old Russia is being retroactively transformed and her language is being considered for honorary Slavic citizenship. Non-Slavic Albania, it now turns out, has "longed for centuries for liberation from the Turkish yoke and has long sought the friendship which now binds it to the Soviet peoples." Tito has become retroactively the eternal traitor, who in 1941 was simultaneously serving both Hitler and Anglo-American imperialism. Two successive editings of Czechoslovak history have been scrapped, and the third, only a year old, is already under fire. The Polish historians are in a continuous torment. Poland's culture must have been decisively influenced by the Great Russian, but not by Rome or the West, while all trace of Polish influence on Great Russian culture is being deleted or prefixed by a minus sign.

To the "memory hole" have been consigned all the works of Marx and Engels on the menace of Russian absolutism, on Russian imperial expansion in Europe and Asia, on Pan-Slavism, all their utterances in favor of the restoration of Poland "with the boundaries of 1772," in

favor of Shamil and his struggle for Transcaucasian independence. After fifteen years of concealment, Stalin published a secret attack which he wrote in 1934 on Engels' last article "On Russian Foreign Policy." But Marxism is still needed as an ostensibly invariant philosophy to refer to in vindicating ever shifting policies, so for the most part this censorship proceeds in silence.[3]

In 1934 Stalin could still rebuke a textbook for failing to brand "the annexationist-colonializing role of Tsarism . . . the Prison-House of Peoples"; its "counter-revolutionary role in foreign policy . . . as the international gendarme"; and for failing to show the influence of Western thought upon the democratic and Socialistic revolutionary movements in Russia. To quote the 1934 Stalin in Russia in 1953 would be to take one's life into one's hands.

Now Great Russian nationalism is inextricably blended with "Soviet patriotism." Internationalism is for use abroad, and was defined by Stalin as "unconditional loyalty to the Soviet Union." At home it is "cosmopolitanism" and "servility to all things foreign." Nationalism of any other variety than Great Russian is "bourgeois nationalism" and is fatal. A Sosyura may not "love the Ukraine" except he remember to love all its yearning for annexation and the Great Russian imprint upon its culture. With each revision, the Balkan states move longingly another step towards incorporation.

Each of the "autonomous republics" is rewriting its history, revising its poetry, remaking its memories. Heroes become anti-heroes (Shamil, Kenessary); insurrections against tsarism until yesterday celebrated are today execrated; epics become anti-epics ("Dede Korkut") or the versions that have lived so long in oral tradition and are the very national memory of illiterate peoples are purged and reissued in "new authentic texts."

> The expurgation of the epic ["Manas"] should be strictly scientific and principled. It should take into account all the historical circumstances in the life of the people. This demands a suitable selection of variants, songs and episodes, a selection of which the fundamental principle must be the preservation in the epic of all the best elements inherent in the past of the Kirghiz people.[4]

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[3]For the writings of Marx and Engels that are now suppressed in the Soviet Union see: Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *The Russian Menace to Europe*, edited by Blackstock and Hoselitz, The Free Press, Glencoe, Ill., 1952.

[4]*Literaturnaya Gazeta*, May 27, 1952, p. 2.

Even so did Orwell picture a functionary in his Ministry of Truth whose task was to "produce garbled versions—definitive texts they were called—of poems which had become ideologically offensive but which, for one reason or another, were to be retained in the anthologies."

VII

Thus totalitarianism, which begins by being so sure of the future that in its name it declares war on all the existing conditions of the present, ends by making war on the entire past. Yet the past will not be mocked and takes its own peculiar revenge. It is wiser to approach the past with the "revolutionary" principle of the Apostle Paul: "Prove all things, and hold on to that which is good," than with all the slogans of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. For the past shapes the present and nourishes it, and he who tries to throw it out indiscriminately will find the worst elements of his country's past reasserting themselves and enlarging their evil, while all that is best tends to be lost or destroyed. For what is the new order which tried to break once and for all with autocracy and bondage and the Tsarist Okhrana but a monstrous enlargement of police and autocracy and bondage into totality? And the great love of humanity in nineteenth century Russia that moved generous spirits everywhere has been lost or rather driven underground by this cruel indiscriminating war on the present and the past in the name of the future.

History may be but a feeble rushlight to illuminate the mists of the present and the obscurity of the future, but without a sense of history man cannot make a single step forward at all or even hold his precarious footing in the stream of time. That is why the hero of Orwell's *1984* feared that he was going mad when all the objective landmarks by which he might get his bearings began to shift and crack and change into undependable and unrecognizable shapes.

Personal Poem

By FRANCIS BARRY

Whenever I look, there is nothing under the bed.
However intently I listen, there is no scratch at the door.
Whatever I touch is simple, passive, and kind.
What I taste and smell is never anything more.

I rise at seven-fifteen five days out of seven,
And at nine-thirty on the other two.
I like to think I am a slow accretion
Of superior impressions (in the key of blue).

On weekends when I assiduously pursue
The bright enchantress, the first and only good,
I wake up with a headache, having lost
The virgin in a scotch-and-soda flood.

Whatever I do, the results are always the same.
It seems I was born to be paid every two weeks and smile.
O give me an hour of madness, torture or love
And then you may scatter my atoms from here to the Nile.

FRANCIS BARRY's poetry has appeared in a number of quarterlies and poetry magazines. He lives in Philadelphia.

All that Is Given

By SHEILA PRITCHARD

Gone mockery of wilt bone, melt flesh, and those darked eyes,
seasons deep under sun. Past answer, beyond reason,
of sweetness and hate locked down, unsworn, smooth kempt,
spent as tides drawn moonside, swept as beach,
born wet as water-green, as cool, as spent.

Now leaped from the deciduous grave, clovered and hooved,
decipherable, blinding, a bright pouring instant,
primeval bird-cry at endness . . .
In a locked canyon lies the hidden lake,
snows fed, jewel lined as pebbles lying spread.
Unruffled waters latent clear, reflecting
all sky there is, no circled color drifting.
In night's great night the every stars pour down
their shower, caught within the dropped lightness.
Deep calm, in limpid place of no-echo.
Flight plummeted, stalled, with the exploded sun . . .

The forfeitable flesh, the heroic memorable cry,
all that is given is past root, beyond witness.
The gauntlet torn, the hood aside,
a falcon obliquely mounting, blacked against the sky.

SHEILA PRITCHARD has published both short fiction and poetry. She writes that after some effort she is really just beginning to know what she wants, and can, do.

A STORY

The Larger Cage

By SANORA BABB

IT WAS EVENING and the light had gone. Rodolfo waited for the policia to come for the body of his mother. She lay on the straw mat in their jacal, a sheltered corner of high brick walls over which they had made a roof of odds and ends. Two sides were open to the weather, and Rodolfo lingered at the boundary of this room dismayed by death.

He had cried all day, and he had not eaten. He might cross the street to the modern apartment building and ask a servant to permit him to empty the garbage. With luck there would be a bit of food half-eaten and still unspoiled. The city-wise Indian criadas saved la basura for the children who nightly came to their doors.

He turned to look in his mother's basket for a tortilla. Then he saw her like an alien stone in the grey dusk and his hunger sprang away.

Sometime in the night she had died. Rodolfo had accepted the death chill of her body as part of the long night's cold.

For a moment he thought of his mother as the Sleeping Lady of snow, unknown and legendary, high and far, atop the volcano. He sat beside her and watched the dark grow up around them like a sorrowing field, and listened to the unconcerned and living city-sounds, clear in the delicate air of the high plateau.

Street lights bloomed on the tangled vine of night like tropic flowers. And no one came for her.

His shirt that she had washed flapped in a melancholy way on the quiet wind.

Suddenly vibrant in the night street, the auto by its very sound of hesitation and authority seemed to be searching. Fearful at having no money and knowing that everything in life depended upon it, he leaped up and ran to the end of the wall. From there he saw two men

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SANORA BABB has published stories in a number of literary quarterlies and in anthologies. She is an editor of the *California Quarterly*.

discover the jacal and take his mother away as carelessly as if she were a dead dog in the streets. The auto roared away.

Before he could move, a man, a woman and three children came out of the shadows and took the shelter. They must have been waiting, watching and waiting.

Rodolfo grabbed his shirt that wavered like a ghost on the wire, and ran as if he were a thief.

Under the trees of the Paseo de las Americas he felt diminished by the whispers of lovers—the servant girls and young workmen sitting together on the stone benches. He turned into the avenidas named for the world's great writers, feeling lonely and afraid. The ponderous Spanish Colonial homes, guarded by white walls crested with broken glass, or spike-topped wrought-iron fences and gates with heavy chains, rose up on either side of him like uninhabited canyons impervious to his grief.

Ahead three men were sitting around a fire protecting the wealth of wood and bricks for a new house. He plunged a tough bare foot into a hill of sand piled ready for cement.

"Do not molest anything, hombre," a workman said. "This man has received a fortune from heaven, perhaps, and he builds a castillo and pays us honest men to see that no one steals." Satiric laughter circled the fire and reached out to enclose Rodolfo, but he walked on slowly, counting the ways of earning his living. He had carried and run all his remembered years. When he was five he had sold lottery tickets in the Avenida Juarez until dawn. He had bargained over la lena from door to door, but now he had no burro to carry the wood. He was eleven years old, he reminded himself proudly, he did not wish to beg.

* * *

He brushed the grass from his clothes, washed his face in a fountain and wet his black hair. He put the clean shirt on over the old one, and then as an added inducement for someone to hire him, he washed the blue volcanic dust from his feet. He went to a supermarket.

"How much do you earn?" he asked a boy just inside the door.

"Five pesos a week, hombre. And tips. At this pay the tips are very necessary. Have you a family?"

Rodolfo sternly held back his tears and shook his head.

"You're lucky," the boy said. "I have a mother and a small sister to support. Adios!" He directed Rodolfo with his eyes to the manager.

Before Rodolfo could speak, the manager waved him aside impatiently. "No more boys! No more!"

Outside, imitating other boys, he politely accosted the norteamericanas who carried their own packages. The manager came out and thumped his head sharply. "Go, pronto!" He swung his arm at all the boys. "Get!"

Rodolfo fled into the dusty street where he wandered among the native food stalls more disconsolate than the bony, resigned dogs.

* * *

He begged when he could not endure his hunger. He slept in doorways with other children and shared their schemes for survival. He loitered in the narrow busy street of Madero with its fine shops and spending foreigners and the well-dressed people of his own kind. But suddenly he hardly saw the people. He was looking at a most beautiful and wonderful sight. Four small birds on a stick held by a man who was selling them to passersby.

Birds he had seen, but these birds had black feathered bands across their eyes like the masks worn at a masquerade ball! They were tame and they sat sweetly on the stick, permitting strangers to caress their sleek backs with tender fingers. Their wings were not clipped; they were *tamed*, and the wonder of this would not leave Rodolfo's mind or heart.

Rodolfo watched the jilgueros chinos, and when women bought them and took them away, he imagined himself having the four or five pesos and gladly exchanging them for a bird.

Late in the day something happened that was even better than buying a bird. The man, who was used to his hanging about, asked, "Hombre, how would you like to catch birds with me and sell them?"

"Los jilgueros chinos?" he asked eagerly, using the name he had overheard.

"No," the man laughed. "Los jilgueros chinos are only in the state of Guerrero! I have to buy them."

Rodolfo's black eyes saddened.

"Ah," the man boasted, "There are jilgueros chinos in Chihuahua and Oaxaca and even in the Desierto de los Leones near here, but they are not the same as I sell!"

"Our country is filled with beautiful birds," Rodolfo said quickly, fearing that he had made a mistake by preferring the little masked birds.

"Do you want the job?"

"Si, senor!" he said, and then more cautiously, "If we can agree on the money."

The man laughed again, and all the while he was speaking and considering Rodolfo, his dark eyes were searching for likely customers. "A wise one! From the streets, or perhaps from Monterey?"

"I am a Mexicano and a man of the city," Rodolfo stated proudly.

"We'll agree," the vendedor said easily, and then his eyes pointed at Rodolfo as sharp as spikes and his soft lips hardened and warned, "Do not cheat me! Not one centavo!"

"I am no ladron!" the boy said angrily and moved a few feet away to lean against the iron fence of an old church crowded by shops. This man was very cunning. He had watched him sell the birds. First, the vendor selected one person from the crowd and that selection was seldom wrong. At times he spoke to no one and then his quick eyes found someone, and his low voice and appealing, innocent looks began their magic. To a man who was not young, Maximiano would say delicately, "Ah, senor, perhaps there is someone—and these two birds would please her." Even if there were no one, the man would buy the birds and go away and it could be seen in his face that he was making a plan.

The vendor pretended to have forgotten Rodolfo and concentrated on selling the birds remaining on the stick. Rodolfo appeared to be interested in the man who was selling puppies. He caught the bird-seller watching him. He waited and when the man walked casually by striking the palm of his left hand with the empty stick, Rodolfo as casually joined him and they walked together, discussing the terms of employment.

"You like the birds very much?"

"Si!"

"Remember, this is a business. It is not easy to keep alive. A man makes a living the best way he can."

"Claro! I have to have food and a bed."

"Meet me here in the morning at ten o'clock. I'll have a stick of birds for you to sell."

"I'm not to catch them then?" Disappointment glowed briefly in his dark eyes, but he quickly concealed this childishness.

"Later."

"Muy bien."

They parted and Rodolfo went along feeling the emptiness of his pockets. The streets were filled. Tourists pressed and hurried to their hotels. The Mexicanos walked more slowly. Cars moved end to end, honking wildly. The sun was gone and dampness came up from the muddy floor of the ancient lake upon which the city was built. The massive statues of Greek goddesses and Indian heroes, generals and liberators, and the bronze worker shone boldly in the evening air. Spicy hot food-vapors drifted from open cafes into the avenue. Lights and the advertising signs came on and music played softly in a carpeted cocktail bar whose elegance Rodolfo glimpsed briefly through a swinging door.

* * *

As they worked in the narrow street of Madero, Maximiano watched Rodolfo closely.

"That is not my way of selling," he observed, "but you sell, so?"

Secretly, Rodolfo chose the kindest looking women walking in Madero, and sometimes he urged a man to give this alive gift to a woman. If Maximiano were out of hearing, he advised professionally, "The little birds are happier in a large cage, and they do well in the sunlight and fresh air."

When Maximiano took him to his adobe hut on the edge of the city, and Rodolfo saw Maria, the wife, he could not smile enough, wanting her to like him. That night she placed a straw mat on the earthen floor of the kitchen and he slept near Ramon, the son.

They arose while the night was still on the land like black moonlight, revealing only the dim shapes of things in the shapeless air. Maximiano, Ramon and Rodolfo went silently over the pathless hill and entered the Desierto de los Leones, a forest of pines that held the still dark body of the sleeping night.

The melancholy daybreak was like the glow of a smoky oil lamp turned up slowly in an old room. A bird awoke and twittered. Another and another. Then the forest was filled with the waking eager conversation of birds!

The hidden sun dissipated the eerie mists and brightened the air with the shadows of far away fire. Rodolfo was lost in the magic of morning and the forest and the singing of birds.

Maximiano nudged him. "Watch closely!"

The sharp whisper gave Rodolfo a start.

Maximiano loosened the dirt with a heavy stick and spread the net over the ground. He and Ramon pressed the net into the earth and covered it with loose dirt and twigs. A part of the net remained outside but it lay brown and deceptive on the forest floor.

"Watch Ramon scatter the alpiste!" Maximiano whispered.

Ramon took a folded paper from his pocket and from it carefully threw the bird seed over the covered net.

They sat down at the foot of a tree and waited. No one spoke. For a long time no birds came. Then one lighted and pecked at the seeds and flew quickly away. Soon, five birds, alert and wary of danger, were eating the grain.

With a swift movement Maximiano swung the uncovered net over the birds. One escaped. The others beat their wings wildly against the imprisoning threads. The muffled desperate flutter of wing-sounds gave Rodolfo a feeling of helpless pity.

"Quick!" Maximiano commanded. "Now, you will begin. Reach under the net and toss out that pajaro pulquiento!"

"Free?" Rodolfo asked, on his knees by the net.

"Si! That kind is just good for the lice to live on."

Rodolfo reached into the mass of terrified, struggling birds, and the pity in his heart was joined by another and surprising sensation of pleasure, the two feelings equal and side by side, confusing him. It was very difficult to catch and hold the common unwanted bird but at last he clumsily and gently extricated it from the others. Its frightened pulse beat furiously against his fingers and when he opened his hand the bird sat stunned, then faltered into the air, gaining swiftness with flight. The others still moved blindly against the trap.

* * *

They spread the net twice more, placing all the birds together in a covered basket.

On the way home Maximiano said, teaching him, "Some days we will use the trampas. Each of us will sit in a different place and catch

birds under a trampa. Ramon will show you how to make your own with some small boards and a mesh."

"A long string and a peg!" added Ramon importantly. Then he asked with a strut of authority. "Do you like it?"

"Si!"

"Well, then," Maximiano continued. "You will learn the next step now, and we will all be in the street selling pajaros before noon."

Maria gave them a sober nod of approbation when she saw the birds. Rodolfo looked shyly into her worn young face. She gave him a smile, tight-lipped to hide the loss of her teeth. He watched her move about with the baby heavy on her back concealed in her rebozo. She was going to town to sell the little wooden flowers she had made.

"In the evening I will help you with the work," he said, wanting her eyes to rest on him again. He had seen mischief in them when she played for a moment with Ramon. Her face remained closed. She is wondering, he thought, if I shall eat very much. It is important. "Now that I work," he said, "I will pay to live here."

"No importa." She gave him a push and he saw the flash of mischief across her face like the shadow of a bird flying swiftly out of the net.

He turned toward Maximiano feeling gay as he had not felt for a long time.

"You will only watch today. Watch Ramon. He is very good with the birds. His hands are better than mine."

Ramon spread his small brown hands before Rodolfo. "The secret is to hold them well without hurting them."

Rodolfo gazed at Ramon admiringly. "To tame birds is an art like the painters, maybe better."

Maximiano winked at Ramon and Ramon smiled.

Rodolfo went on eagerly, "I would rather learn how to tame birds than to win the lottery."

"Tonto!" Ramon chided him.

Maximiano brought a can from the house and sat down near the baskets, one with the birds and another empty. Ramon dropped to his knees and beckoned Rodolfo to do the same. Ramon reached into the basket and brought out a bird. Rodolfo could see the throb of its heart making a quick rhythm on the feathered throat. The fragile feet

curled. He rubbed its head gently with the cushion of his forefinger, but the wildness of the bird would not change so quickly.

"Now!" Ramon announced.

Ramon's left hand held the bird in such a way that his fingers pinioned the wings, leaving his thumb and forefinger free to touch the bird's tiny beak. He dipped his right hand into the can and brought out a number of small black balls. He opened the resisting beak and carefully rolled the buckshot into the throat of the bird, closing the beak quickly and holding it for a moment, forcing the bird to swallow. The bird gasped, and strained its body to escape, spreading and curling its toes in astonishment and fear. Ramon ignored the struggle in his hand and repeated his task. Then he set the bird on the ground. The terrified creature lifted its wings, fluttered them helplessly for a moment and as if surprised beyond all protest folded them quietly and stood still. In a moment the bird tried again briefly to fly, and failing again, gave forth a bleak note of overwhelming dismay.

"Perfecto." Ramon nodded with professional satisfaction.

"At least his belly is full," Maximiano laughed.

Tears stung in Rodolfo's eyes. Disillusion weighed him down like the shot in the body of the bird.

"Just enough and not too many," Ramon declared, lifting the bird into the empty basket and dipping into the full one for another, "—so that the bird will not fly away and yet not be so heavy that it will fall over."

"After a bit, he will sit quietly on the stick or wherever we put him," Maximiano said. "His belly is very heavy, and he is smart enough to know that he can't get away."

Rodolfo took a deep breath in order to control his tears. Maximiano nudged him to pay attention. He counted the buckshot in a whisper partly in sad fascination and partly to impress Maximiano. This is a real job, he told himself. But the pride of selling the birds was gone. He might not find another job for a long time; there would be months of hunger and sleeping in doorways. He had no shoes and his trousers were ragged and he needed a coat, an old coat, an old jorongo.

He watched Ramon forcing the buckshot into the throat of another bird.

He could beg until he found another job. There were many

children begging, many much younger than he with no other way to survive. Begging was no way to live, a starving, creeping life.

"An easy job, no?" Maximiano asked, encouraging him.

"Si, senor." He glanced at the helpless bird. "Si, senor."

"Bueno. Now you see why the birds must be sold today."

Rodolfo looked at him, unable to understand all that he meant.

"They will live only a few days. The people who buy them will then think the bird is unhappy or sick, but that it is not our fault."

Rodolfo nodded.

"In a few days you will be *taming* the birds yourself, hombre," Ramon laughed.

"At first it bothered me a little," Maximiano admitted. "I was sorry for the birds. But who is sorry for a man? I said. I got used to it. It is a good business."

Rodolfo stared at the little adobe hut, a better place than he had ever had. "Si."

Maximiano shrugged. "It bothered me at first but it never bothered Ramon. He grew up in the business. He 'tames' the birds and dreams of tortillas."

At this, Rodolfo's ignorance occurred to Ramon again and he sat back laughing. He mimicked the other's idea of taming by stroking the bird he held, speaking in a soft voice, "Pajaro lindo, pajaro lindo."

"Pajaro, you!" Maximiano said angrily, then he added morosely, "Already my son is a man of this world. His heart is like a nut."

Ramon looked up and smiled appreciatively, and went on with his work.

"Thank you for teaching me—a business," Rodolfo said politely to the father and son.

"Por nada."

They closed the basket and went into the city.

* * *

Rodolfo learned to "tame" the birds. Now and then, Maximiano bought the little masked birds, los jilgueros chinos, from a man who caught them in the state of Guerrero. When Rodolfo had saved enough money, he bought one from Maximiano, giving him more than the cost so that he would not complain of the time spent with the bird. Then, in the evenings and on Sundays he began to tame the bird

with stillness and feeding and kindness. The jilguero chino was very wild. Maria became fond of the bird. In time, the jilguero chino perched on Rodolfo's shoulder, his hand and even the top of his head, which made Maria laugh.

Because of the bird, called Pablo, and the alpiste seed and the money paid to Maximiano from his wages, Rodolfo had managed to buy only a pair of second-hand trousers and a shirt.

Because of the bird, the responsibility of the bird, and the necessity to keep his job, he thought less and less about "taming" the little creatures he caught in the forest and sold each day in the street. And after a long time he hardly minded it at all. He consoled himself with the knowledge that in a few days they would be dead, freed of their misery, but—and he was troubled by this—freed of their life too.

Ramon taught him certain sly tricks, tricks that did not please Maximiano. Rodolfo kept to his own ways, but all these other ways were in his head like the seeds of the devil's claw waiting for the season.

He began taking his own jilguero with him into the city. Pablo remained on his shoulder and did not interfere with the sale of other birds. In fact, Maximiano believed this was an attraction and proved the genuine tameness of all the birds. Pablo was, of course, more active. He lifted his wings slightly, he nibbled his beak against Rodolfo's cheek, and except when he was advised against it, he got into Rodolfo's shirt pocket where he knew the alpiste seeds were kept. The other birds appeared more shy but this could be explained. Many people wished to buy Pablo.

Maximiano urged him to sell the bird and tame another, perhaps even tame others for occasional sale, as a form of protection, a proof of the legitimacy of their business.

Rodolfo caught a centzoutle in the Desierto de los Leones and tamed it for Maximiano's "protection," but because people liked its mocking songs, Maximiano sold it at once for a high price. As a gift, Rodolfo tamed a canario from Sonora for Maria. When Maximiano wanted to sell it, Maria went on with her work not looking at her husband, but she said *No* with such finality that he was offended. Rodolfo then bought two cardinales from a man who had been catching birds in Durango and tamed them for Maximiano. When these were sold in one day, Rodolfo refused to tame more and Maxi-

miano struck him. Wishing to keep his job, Rodolfo accepted the blow. Maria was silent but later she gave him a fruit she had been saving for Maximiano.

* * *

In such a great city it seemed to Rodolfo that one could sell birds endlessly. People might pass by all the silver vendors and the leather vendors with their wares spread temptingly under the gaze of the touristas; all the small vendedores selling pencils, chains, blouses, rebozos, kittens, puppies; all the children selling lottery tickets, all the beggars, even the armless man who wove little baskets with his toes; and still stop to watch the tame birds and thinking them no trouble and seeing that they were so cheap, only a few pesos, end by buying one or two. He saw himself with a job that went on year after year. He forgot to watch for likely purchasers.

A well-dressed woman stopped to inquire pleasantly about Pablo. He explained that some days he left him at home. Then she asked Rodolfo his name and admired the birds on the stick he was holding. She ran a finger caressingly under the beak of one and the poor creature toppled off onto the sidewalk and sat stunned and waiting. Rodolfo quickly picked it up and placed it on the stick. He was surprised by the old pain of sympathy he felt for the helpless, docile bird, and he stroked its small back.

"He is the one!" the woman shouted, startling him out of the tenderness.

Two policemen who accompanied her hurried through the crowd and stood near Maximiano and Rodolfo so that they dared not move.

The woman opened a small package of crumpled paper and in it lay the dead bird slit open so that all its inners were exposed. There, too, were the small black shots.

"My son wanted to see why the bird died so quickly," she explained to the police and the people who had gathered.

A man said, "What's the importance? She had a few days pleasure, didn't she? She had her money's worth."

The two policemen looked as if this small case were of little interest and yet they attended the woman who obviously had more money than the bird-sellers.

"Arrest them!" the woman demanded.

One of the policemen took hold of Maximiano's arm. Maximiano sneered for all to see. The other grabbed for Rodolfo, but Rodolfo without thought or plan, whirled into the street and ran, darting among the moving cars. With his first violent movement, the birds fell, scattered in the street beneath feet and wheels, unprotesting and helpless. He tried to gather them up hastily but the cars sounded their horns, imprisoning him. He ran on, gripping the empty stick. In a shadowy side street he threw it from him, feeling sick and grieved for the birds, trying to push his imaginings of their squashing deaths from his mind.

* * *

After dark he went home. Maximiano was not there. Maria's eyes were somber with worry. Ramon had already guessed the truth before Rodolfo gave them details.

"You did right to escape," he said professionally.

This Rodolfo was relieved to hear. "Gracias," he said in a low, ashamed voice.

Ramon laughed. "The policia will let him go. He will get out of it."

"How?"

"A small case. There's no money in it. Perhaps on the way there, Papá gave the two men a few pesos while the woman was not looking, and he got away. Quien sabe?"

"I have never heard that the police were kind," Rodolfo said stubbornly.

"Son brutos!"

"Ramon!" Maria cautioned, and glanced about fearfully.

"But—" Ramon continued, giving his mother a look of wisdom, "—the policia are poor men."

"Ojala!" Maria whispered.

Rodolfo gave Maria the money he had made, taking his wages from it.

Ramon's bright eyes slid over him with triumph. "Afraid?"

"Brother!" Maria shamed him.

"Honesty is very dear," Ramon warned.

"Maybe I am no more honest than you," Rodolfo replied, "but I cannot kill the birds any more."

Ramon spat on the earth floor as if to say he had always known what Rodolfo was.

Rodolfo's eyes snapped angrily at Ramon, and then he turned to Maria. "I am going now to see about Maximiano."

"No," Ramon said.

"Be careful, Rodolfo," Maria said, "you do not know how these things are. Someone must sell the birds tomorrow in another street."

"No to everything!" Ramon shouted. "He is better off without you."

Maria stared at Ramon who stood now as if he had taken command. "But—you are like brothers," she whispered.

"He is no brother of mine! The *bird tamer*," he said with contempt. "My brother, the *bird tamer!*"

Rodolfo looked with proud love at Maria and then he went out, closing the door quietly and firmly. He was trembling.

He whistled softly for the jilguero chino. Pablo was asleep in the tree and after a second whistle, he flew down onto Rodolfo's hand, protesting drowsily.

"Of course, amigo, as Ramon says, I was afraid of the policia," Rodolfo said to him, "but it was really the birds under the wheels. *They couldn't fly.*"

Pablo murmured and settled himself for sleep.

Rodolfo took the small bag of alpiste from the tree and put it in his pocket. He moved the bird gently into the bend of his arm so that Pablo would not fall in his sleep onto the long dark road.

He felt like a man of the world, a citizen of the city, and life was before him like a threat. But the earth, grand and beautiful under his bare feet, promised him something. The hidden power in the night, the grass, the sleeping people, the silent volcanoes, all one, ran like a gathering underground stream through his eleven years.

"Pablo," he said, stroking the bird, feeling his warmth, feeling not alone in the vast dark. He began to walk steadily. He could not see the road but his feet went with familiarity, without fear.

. . . and Come Out Fighting!

By MORRIS T. KEETON

Democracy and high religion are often thought to seek an end of strife among men. Their genius is rather to keep conflict alive: to end particular conflicts, to prevent their dragging on interminably without resolution; and to keep conflict within bounds; but to nourish the dynamic of some continuing clash of faiths. The Communist Manifesto equates the end of exploitation of man by man with the end of class conflict; but democrats should not take false hope: heaven is not to be found, as some utopians have disclosed by imaginative experiment, where all is harmony.

The observation that conflict, properly restricted, is a catalyst of growth and progress is an old and commonplace one; but acting on it, particularly in times of deep challenge to our way of life, is not so commonplace. The idea implies rejoicing in a struggle whose end is not assured. It calls for treasuring one's opponents for their function in forcing truth to be better asserted and disclosed. It insists upon humility about the adequacy of our own insight. While all this is grand in contemplation, it has a bitter taste when swallowed.

It is customary to think of Marxism as a theory of inevitable class conflict. But, although Soviet Marxists probably do not expect the classless society to erase all personal or social conflict, they do expect it to cease to play a significant function in society. Our present world, say they, is in a stage of development in which interests of two classes—exploiter and exploited—are in irreconcilable conflict. The good society requires the end of conflict and thus the elimination of one of the classes; and this is indeed the inevitable course which history must take. The elimination of a class could come about by a change of the functioning of the persons in that class, since membership in such a class is no inherent nor ineradicable trait of humankind. But this happy

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resolution of the difficulty cannot be counted upon, according to the theory in question, nor need it be awaited anyway, for the glorious end of a just society is sufficient reason for literal extermination of any who will not yield to the inevitable dialectic of history.

So it is that a theory of "inevitable class conflict" has a goal of interminable harmony. A strange outcome indeed for a philosophy steeped in the endless synthesizing of opposites into higher unities, and not unlike Hegel's own termination of such a dialectical process in an eternally dominant Germany!

This reading of history, however, fits poorly with realities. Conflict of interests among groups within society has indeed been characteristic of all complex societies, but particularly of the most creative ones. There is no cause to expect a terminal stage in which classes cease to exist, nor does the explanation of classes as the organization of exploiters versus exploited adequately account for their root sources. On the contrary, some differences of social and economic functions and rewards, as long as they do not weaken mutual concern among citizens, are probably necessary in an efficiently functioning and developing society. Moreover, we have, and should have, not just two classes whose interests clash, but many significant clashes of group interests; and it is desirable in the interest of brotherhood and justice as well as inventiveness to keep this so and, insofar as possible, to see that the same man find himself in different groups and rôles on different issues. This conflict of interests, if conducted according to adequate rules of fair play, can serve progress and will result in the gradual change and disappearance of first one and then another set of issues upon which class divisions have arisen. Thus the violent elimination of persons who play certain vanishing roles in society is both unnecessary and contrary to public interest: to eliminate them eliminates that creative interplay of ideas which is the best hope that the next stage of societal development will retain what was of value in their way of life as well as inject new values into the next pattern of life. The prime source of good, according to this theory, is a process of ever newly relating disparate elements in society so as to achieve an increase of values realized. This process cannot function without conflict, but it also cannot function without limits upon the form which the conflict takes.

A look at costs and consequences will show why. Conflicts always cost something. If they obtain expression only in words, they may cost

time, energy, emotional disturbance, friendship, reputation, business patronage, and even personal happiness. When they go beyond words to strikes, boycotts, physical injury, or war, the potential costs run the gamut from a penny to life and liberty. It is understandable that men should yearn to eliminate these costs. Whenever there is conflict, they are present, and they are often considerable; so to eliminate the costs would mean eliminating the conflicts. We can thus see why utopians of both orthodox and heterodox destination would seek an end to the turmoil.

Yet the elimination of conflict has its own costs: it reduces stimulus to invention of more productive ways of relating things. It decreases the need for exercise of intelligence with regard to that area of life from which conflict has taken leave. It removes experiences in problem-solving which give zest and worth to life. And its finished "perfection" gives a static character to life and experience. Indeed it is doubtful whether intelligence, or perhaps even life, is compatible with non-conflict. Moreover, the attempt to suppress conflict seems, according to studies in both group and individual psychology, to increase the probability that in time the repressed forces will flare up more violently and less constructively than might otherwise have been the case. So it appears that costs are inescapable, and that the absence of conflict would entail such fundamental costs that some other "out" must be found.

Important differences to present attitudes and behavior flow from these two theories—the one cherishing creative conflict, the other seeking an end to such striving. If the former is adopted, then first of all we should look favorably upon conflict in our society and world: not just tea party banter, but hard-fought struggles. We should not be worried by our appearing sometimes to be in a morass of miserable interferences with one another. On the contrary, we should welcome much of this as good, if due limits upon the forms of conflict are observed. Thus an African official in the United Nations Organization recently cherished some USA-USSR conflict: we Africans, he said, do not want the struggle to stop until Africa is free; but we are afraid you will not have sense enough to conduct the struggle without atomic destruction. Max Ascoli has likewise remarked that in the international sphere, "The United Nations can become strong only through the constant explosion of the conflicts inherent in our civilization. The

power that keeps the international machinery going is the regulated combusion of all those forces which, if left unchecked, would lead to the blast of war." (*The Power of Freedom*, p. 54.) In this connection he elsewhere decries the common idea that there is an identity of interest among all citizens or between each citizen and the government. This idea leads to lack of alertness or to acquiescence in schemes to curtail conflict and thus to prevent discovery how best to relate interests which are *not* entirely complementary or identical. Where the forces seeking expression are strong on both sides, this may mean that a very high-tension relation is needed for optimum health, and thus that in the United Nations it would be undesirable for conflicts to cool off disproportionately to the continuing interferences among interests there represented. It would, would it not, make a considerable difference in our view of the UN if in this country we regarded its hot-and-heavy argument as something which, under the circumstances, is to be cherished. We should not only have conflict, but it should also, within limits as to its form and function, express as fully as possible the tensions felt among the contending parties.

A second implication of this democratic view would be that since conflict is welcome, it is not to be suppressed, nor are our energies and feelings to be focused upon achieving either a particular utopia or the cessation of conflict. We will focus rather upon making our conflicts as creative as possible. To do this calls for study of the characteristics of creative conflict and of conditions under which this productivity is missed, and then for efforts to embody the conditions of creativity in our institutions and practices. Thus, for example, in this country such studies have been under way in labor-management relations; and numerous experiments are being tried to find patterns of conducting openly fought-out disagreements toward fruitful resolution. This activity is in sharp contrast with a Soviet pattern which suppresses fundamental dispute in this area, and thus has no place for study about or experimentation with new methods of conducting such contests between labor and management. The Soviets, of course, see the need for letting off steam and for argument on policy in formation, and they even encourage some grievance procedures and criticisms of the implementation of policy. But their theory does not admit the existence of real divergence of interest between labor and management and will not permit action predicated on the notion, such as strikes, appeals to

the public against basic policy, or resort to free political contests on basic prerogatives.

To welcome conflict is not, however, to treasure it for itself, nor to prefer it to less costly means of problem-solving where they are as fruitful. Where a meeting of minds arises directly out of observation or analysis or agreement about ends, it would be ridiculous to start or continue a fight for its own sake. But that these benign methods will ever resolve all difficulties is, I think, a vain and even dangerous hope: For any particular situation the possible improvements which might be conceived are virtually unlimited. Yet the event is finite, limited, one, and thus can embody only one set of these many possibilities. Moreover, the resources for making change are unequal to realizing any of a number of the better ideals. Many attractive changes, also, would be for the worse. To expect under these circumstances that men of integrity, feeling deeply about what they value and seeing the situation from different perspectives, should easily agree or patiently await the arrival of agreement by wholly co-operative measures, is too sanguine a hope. And if it were not too sanguine, it might permit a slower and ultimately more costly resolution than more vigorous and competitive means.

Consideration of Presidential nominating conventions and election campaigns would abundantly illustrate the complexity and delicacy of the interplay of basic cooperation with immediate conflict which is here sought. The rôle of business competition in American society affords another apt case in point. To have held the contest between advocates of diesel railroad engines and those of steam engines non-competitively would have been a travesty upon American engineering progress. Better to let the advocates, each acting on his theory to the best of his ability within the bounds of fairness, see which can prove his point. Yet, it may be argued, everybody admits that some cases call for an end of such conflict and for private or governmental monopoly. This is true: any conflict outgrows its usefulness once it has brought out all it can disclose about the nature of a problem. But monopoly, whether in the hands of government party, or of business, is a danger unless set in the context of a new opportunity for conflict. Typically this setting in democratic countries is one of political conflict: contests for the management of this monopoly or attacks upon the current management and its policies. Economic competition from alternative

means of meeting the same needs is sometimes also feasible. To view the disagreement between economists in America today as primarily a contest between the advocates of competition and its enemies is a mistake. The problem is rather where and in what form conflict can be conducted to the greatest public benefit. There comes a point where labor-management conflicts and business competition can be more destructive to public interest than beneficial. At this point that type of conflict has in the particular problem yielded what good it can, and a new locus and content of conflict is needed.

A third implication of this democratic philosophy is that the forms of conflict used must not be such as to destroy the possibility of conflict itself nor to prevent it from serving its creative function. This condition excludes methods which aim to destroy an opponent or remove him from the struggle as a means of settling the problem. Thus the British government cherishes, and even pays the salaries of, His Majesty's Loyal Opposition—a practice which Dr. Goebbels found highly amusing and quite senseless in the German democrats. Lenin is likewise said to have remarked that there certainly may be other parties in the Soviet Union besides the Bolsheviks, as long as they are in jail and the Bolsheviks are in power.

This condition also excludes methods of conflict which destroy a needed relationship out of which the occasion for conflict nevertheless arises. Two young people engaged to be married usually admit only reluctantly that they have serious quarrels. But if two talented, educated, mature persons of strong interests and genuine individuality are bound in the intimacy of modern American marriage, interests are sure to meet interference. Unless the resulting tensions are expressed and resolved openly, there will eventually be deterioration of either the personalities or the marriage. Wise was the couple who remarked: "We are learning to have our fights earlier," for they both tended to harbor resentment about hurts received until the tension led to a blow-up far from creative. The point is not that spouses should fight; but that open, honest, and vigorous disagreement within a family is to be cherished if it is so conducted as to preserve mutual respect and regard. It may clear the air and open up possibilities of different, more harmonious relations within the family. But the kernel of truth in our reticence about marital strife is the caution that the bonds of unity must not be overstrained: to question the integrity or sincerity of a

partner may do that; to show, by deed or word, a disregard for his interests may do it. The limits vary from marriage to marriage, but limits there always are. Some promising couples have only one quarrel, the first one, which is so conducted as to terminate the relation altogether. It is a similar concern about the cohesive power of the UN which arouses concern about the forms of eloquence there employed.

A further part of the meaning of this proposition that our methods of conflict should not destroy the possibility of conflict itself is that the processes of conflict should not destroy greater values than are being fought over. I have spoken of some Marxists condoning a type of violence which democracy should not sanction. This "violence" is not, as might appear at first glance, simply a matter of the use of strong physical forces. It is rather a matter of the extent to which parties to a dispute may risk, threaten, or destroy values or interests of the opposition as a means of suppressing conflict or bringing it to a favorable termination. In particular, democracy places restraints upon government in this respect, for these methods amount to a resort to irrelevancies as a basis for solution of problems. They offer no guarantee that anything better will be done than that one party has his short-sighted, egocentric way. What is needed is the kind of conflict which stimulates the opponents to inventiveness which will preserve their interests without destroying those of others. Unless this condition is met, the aim of greatest approximation possible to mutual consent is lost in practice; yet this is of the essence of democracy.

The principle that the means of conflict should not destroy the possibility or function of conflict also requires the guarantee of certain minima of freedom. Otherwise the ordinary citizen will not have sufficient motivation to stand up for his side and play his rôle. If you may threaten a man's livelihood because he raises his voice in protest, you may not only suppress or settle conflict on irrelevant grounds; you will also certainly discourage its healthy increase. It is thus clear why democracy and faith in the desirability of regulated conflict are intimately related: To gain the benefits missed where there is no conflict, it must be arranged that not even the government may deprive a man of his life or of certain liberties without "due process of law," a phrase covering many restraints upon arbitrariness, a compendium of directions about fair play in conflict even where one party has all the advantages of power. What precisely the minimum liberties should be

would doubtless vary from society to society and from period to period. But their function and value seem not to be appreciated in Soviet theory, where some of these liberties are plainly set forth in the Constitution, but where equally plainly the ground rules of due process do not apply to the government except under such qualification as to render the guarantees undependable.

Other aids to the creativity of conflict there must be in number. The fruitfulness of conflict is probably much increased where the sincerity and integrity of all participants is respected. The absence of this condition has clearly multiplied the obstacles to negotiation in Korea. It may well be that democratic relations are realizable only to the degree that we act on the risk that our opposition is acting with integrity on what it sees as fundamental values.

There is at least one other minimum implied by this philosophy of conflict: nondogmatism about all objectives except that of the maximum increase of values itself. The maximum gain from conflict is available only where there is some flexibility in the participants. In the long pull flexibility about means cannot be consistently preserved unless there is some readiness to admit one's limitations of insight as to ends. Here perhaps is a key to the Soviet Marxist's attitude toward conflict about fundamentals: at that level he is unwilling to admit the possibility that the party could be wrong; its infallibility about ends and basic means makes it senseless to risk its power to give the proponents of error a fair hearing. Why should such a risk be taken? To preserve peace? To prevent the build-up of tensions which may cause the unwarranted overthrow of truth? To keep the defense and content of truth fresh and clear and understood? John Stuart Mill eloquently argued this last consideration to dogmatists as well as others of his time. But these questions make sense to authority only where there is at least implicitly some doubt of its overwhelming power or its clear infallibility. To the dogmatic authority in a condition of weakness or limitation, there may be values in democratic process. On matters on which it is not dogmatic, such an authority may welcome such conflict. But if the most vital issues of life are to be served in the most promising way, even on key ideals we must abandon dogmatism. This is not to say that there is no objectivity of value judgments, nor that we should abandon conviction or live without constancy of purpose. It is to say that, however forcefully and valiantly we may serve

particular goals, we must not treasure them above the most inclusive goal of all.

Finally, we must not evade the toughest problem of all for a democrat: that in which one party to a conflict, because of either ideology or the passion of conviction, will, if he can, destroy his opponent or the opponent's dearest values if that be necessary to win. Thus if Communists are ready, in order to get their way, to threaten the lives and liberties of opponents, how can the conflict be kept creative? Must the fate of democracy be that of Germany's Weimar Republic whenever extremists refuse to abide by the ground rules? If there is a governing authority which has the power and the will to enforce limits on such destructiveness without itself being equally destructive, this problem can clearly be met. It is for such an authority that world federalists cry out. And if this power and will are with the offended party to a conflict, democracy can be preserved. But where the case is otherwise and no holds are barred, can unilateral scrupulousness be trusted to work? Most democrats will offer a negative reply and will admit that in these relations there can be no democratic way.

The answer *must*, I believe, be negative: If there is no world government and no greater force opposed to totalitarianism, democratic agreement cannot be effectuated. And morally democrats must oppose the totalitarian evil as effectively as they can. But we too readily assume that the power to enforce limits must be based on the same type of destructive threat which the totalitarian uses. The Gandhian methods employed by India in obtaining her independence exhibited effective power without tactics commonly assumed necessary. Similar methods are currently being tried against racism in South Africa. It is generally objected that in India's case the foreign power was moderate, the local culture was uniquely adapted to quietistic methods, military methods offered no hope, and nonviolence is better suited to unseating foreigners than to repulsing invasion. These points are not to be lightly set aside.

It is often overlooked, however, that nonviolence does not require a quietistic orientation and that other factors in Western culture and in current developments in world society are favorable to the effectiveness of nonviolent strategies. With industrialization our societies have become highly interdependent, both within and among themselves. Their processes of communication, transportation, and production—to

mention only a few crucial ones—are delicately interrelated and vulnerable to tactics of interruption potentially swift, but also potentially selective and thus effective toward chosen ends. With this interrelatedness grows an awareness of mutual benefit from normal societal functioning, an increasing reliance upon almost universal cooperation and good morale within a society, and a waxing force of public opinion against pressing disputes to destructive interruptions of healthy social processes. This restraint, operating even upon international conflicts, opens opportunities for throwing vast psychological, economic, and political resources into the scales on the side of persuasion or coercion in ways not directly destructive.

No major power has yet founded a defense strategy upon such methods, the supports inherent in these trends, and a faith in the possibility of mutually beneficial, mutually respected agreements relating great powers with differences as stubborn and fundamental as those faced today. Senators MacMahon and Flanders, among others, have made proposals which look in this direction. But much development of latent public support and much greater focus of experts' energies upon practical strategies for implementing the approach would be necessary to make the hope a reality. In all probability this goal cannot be obtained by exclusively private, nongovernmental movements, however valuable such demonstrations as those of India and South Africa may be regarding oppressors already in power and regarding possibilities and pitfalls in nonviolent methods in general.

Whatever the merits of this particular approach to peace, it is a tragedy that peace has so often been equated with tranquillity and quiescence, while the service of God has by many been looked upon as a branch of the forces requiring something less than the utmost in virility. To love our fellow man is not to agree with him or even to like him, but to respect and value him as we would ourselves, in agreement or in disagreement; and in both to cherish the function we both may have in the service of those processes from which emerges the increase of good.

From Gompers to Hillman: Labor Goes Middle Class

By MOSES RISCHIN

So much that has been socially significant in American life in the past twenty years has been reflected in the "coming of age" of American labor that it is appropriate at this nodal point in our national history to investigate the roots of this change. Samuel Gompers and Sidney Hillman may well qualify as foci for an examination of labor in modern America. Woven into the warp and woof of their careers, we shall find much that has contributed new dimensions to American life. The recent biography of Hillman by Matthew Josephson,[1] an earlier sketch by George Soule, Rowland H. Harvey's biography of Gompers, and that worthy's own massive autobiography, provide us with a serviceable dossier.

The contrasts between Gompers and Hillman are between epochs as well as between men. It was Gompers' role to symbolize organized labor of the old school from the Haymarket riot of 1886 until shortly after the disastrous Great Steel Strike of 1919. Hillman's career is tied to the rise of the submerged forces of the "new immigration," the "poor whites," and the Negro, the great moral upsurge associated with the muckraker, the reformer, and the social worker, in the early years of the twentieth century, and the ultimate institutionalization of these elements during the Roosevelt Revolution.

A seeming triumph in Sam Gompers' career came with the assurance of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act in 1914 that "the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce." When Sidney Hillman was tendered the presidency of the Amalgamated

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[1]Matthew Josephson. *Sidney Hillman: Statesman of American Labor.* Doubleday and Company, 1952. $5.

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Clothing Workers, the so-called "Magna Carta of Labor" had just been placed on the federal statute books. In 1914, Gompers at 64 was at his peak; Hillman, at 27, had just recently undergone his baptism of fire in the ranks of labor.

To twentieth century reformers, "Gomperism" or trade unionism "pure and simple" has been anathema. Yet the *raison d'être* of Gompers' trade unionism, what Professor Selig Perlman has called "job and wage conscious" unionism, acquired much of its conviction as a reaction to the countless panaceas and blind alleys which exhausted labor's energies in the hungry 1870's. The titanic reshuffling of men, machinery, manufacturers, and geography of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, almost organically defied reason, organization, or reform. Early immersion in the cosmopolitan potpourri of New York's East Side only reinforced Sam's predilection for a solid raft of trade unionism for his cigarmaking brethren and other craftsmen in a tumultous sea of adventurous reformers and discontented revolutionists. German Forty-Eighters, Italian Carbonari, Irish Home Rulers, French communards, philosophical anarchists, feminists, co-operators, utopian socialists, and the Marxist remnant of the First International, presented a veritable Babel of tongues, ideologies, and temperaments. Emerging from such an ideological steambath, even a less pragmatic soul than the expert cigarmaker might well have acquired an eternal allergy to theory. What with Eight-Hour Day movements, Greenbackism, Single Taxism, Free Silverism in the wake of Populism, Sam Gompers was made virtually impervious to ideas. They were either foreign and impractical (especially those of the German-American socialists who contributed to his only defeat for the presidency of the American Federation of Labor and his "Sabbatical" of 1895), or just downright impractical, as with the Knights of Labor with their one big union district assemblies and producers' co-operatives.

In *Seventy Years Life and Labor*, Gompers boasts (one can almost see Sam dictating this passage at his stentorian best) that he studied German with special diligence so that he might read Marx. One suspects that Sam, especially sensitive about his slim formal schooling, was trying to impress his readers. For Gompers was never a student by nature, much though he admired and even attempted to hoard learning, much though he unabashedly makes claim to elephantine feats of memory. Sam Gompers was too much the joiner, the socializer,

even the bon vivant and merry Andrew, to learn very much from books or men who communed with them. If Sam was a man of intellect, and of this there is no doubt, there was never any danger of his becoming an intellectual: ". . . his nature was too pragmatic to be touched by the mystical," asserts his biographer. There was not a drop of the ascetic in Sam Gompers. The theater, music, and the convivialities of the saloon were ever welcome. There is not the slightest indication that Gompers sequestered a deep inner life. But passionate, sincere, ever-ready to defend the rights of labor, he fought for the dignity of his fellows without reserve. "Samuel Gompers had no life apart from the American Federation of Labor. . . . Gompers wrote few 'private' letters. . . . His correspondence dealt almost entirely with the affairs of labor," reports Harvey. Yet when William Allen White etches Gompers at the 1919 Steel Conference, the "Anglo-Saxon" attribution of mystery to the "Oriental" assumes full-dress literary license.

Yet he was more American than the Americans, as his biographer puts it. To that author's pious and naïve bafflement, "coming of a race of thinkers and idealists," this English son of Dutch-Jewish stock became the leader of "a group of hard-headed and thoroughly empirical Celts."

But to identify Gompers simply with trade unionism "pure and simple" and anti-intellectualism, as he was wont to do himself, is to underestimate the man and to overlook reality. It is to put a negative evaluation on what was essentially a positive creed, the enlargement of human dignity—the acquisition of freedom through property in the job. It is unfortunate that his biographer denigrates Gompers in the fashion of the 1920's and '30's. As Selig Perlman, in one of his seminal essays in *The Theory of the Labor Movement*, points out, the hard-won success of the American Federation of Labor was due to the comprehension by its leaders of the "external environment" on the one hand and the psychology of the American worker on the other. The conservative attitude of the American toward property was accepted as the basic premise of union activity. Labor, always suspect of functioning on the periphery of this assumption, depended for much of its strength on at least the passive support of the middle class. That organized labor itself became middle class in the process is less the gentle irony of success than it is the fulfillment of an unexpressed major premise.

Yet Gompers never resigned himself to the limitation which latter day critics regarded as inherent in "job conscious" unionism, a reluctance to extend the blessings of unionism to the unorganized. For he realized the actual weakness of the Federation and of the cause of labor in the public mind. For this reason, Gompers undertook an almost single-handed campaign to educate the American public through nonofficial magazines and, in later years, through books. His exertions to justify and win friends for the cause of labor were truly prodigious. Besides perennially lecturing and debating, he penned six books in the final years of his life and was author or co-author of sixteen of forty-one titles in the pamphlet literature of the Federation. It would appear that Gompers' special pleading, the monolithic dedication to labor rather than a more comprehensive formulation was, what we should call today, bad public relations; but it is difficult to see, in the light of his times, any real alternative. In the opinion of his biographer, Gompers

> never caught the fancy of the great public. It thought of him as a cold, sinister, and perhaps even dangerous man. His interests were too narrow to make him a popular figure. He was seldom heard except in defense of labor. Roosevelt would hunt, fish, write history, express scientific views, and quarrel with philosophers; but Gompers apparently only knew labor problems. . . .

If Sam Gompers was unable to charm his audience on the personal level, and was certainly no thespian at all compared to the magnificent "Teddy," perhaps it is to his credit that he kept the cause of labor, "dull" though it may have been, in the public eye.

Gompers was even unwilling to recognize that the disparity between the ideology of labor groups abroad and that of the American Federation of Labor was a sufficient block to mutual understanding and co-operation. This despite the fact that he concluded after his European peregrinations of 1909, in *Labor in Europe and America*, that European and American labor did not speak the same language.

> The Old World is not our world. Its social problems, its economic philosophy, its current political questions are not linked up with America. All the people on the globe may be on the broad highway to social justice, peace among men of all tongues, and universal brotherhood, but all the nations and governments have not yet reached the same points on the road. In this procession, America is first.

Under these circumstances, Gompers' bid for internationalism during and after World War I, much though it yielded him personal satisfaction, was doomed to defeat. His strained efforts to found a Pan-American Federation of Labor also failed signally outside Mexico and the Caribbean countries. His frustration in the international field was but a microcosmic reflection of the rejection of Wilson's crusade by the great American middle class whose language Gompers spoke.

II

There are fundamental points of resemblance between Sidney Hillman and Samuel Gompers. But I suspect that they are the obvious ones—the compulsion to lead, the genius for politics and diplomacy, the insistent pragmatism, and the complete devotion to the cause of labor. In all other respects, Hillman differed markedly from the AFL president. Gompers personified "the older" immigration, close to the middle class crest; Hillman rested his strength on "the newer" immigration, as yet in process.[2]

Unlike Gompers, who was a natural trade unionist, a cigarmaker and a cigarmaker's son, whose own trade union was modeled on the trade organization of mid-Victorian England, Hillman was something of an intellectual, a former member of the Jewish underground labor movement, and a political exile from the clutches of the Tsar. Pants cutting, to which he was apprenticed at the clothing firm of Hart, Schaffner, and Marx, was not destined to be his metier. In the frank opinion of a co-worker, he was a "damned poor cutter." Although

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[2]As Matthew Josephson's study of Hillman has only recently appeared, some comments about it are in order. It bears the marks of a painfully unfelicitous marriage of convenience. A studied naïveté in style, a coruscated rather than an evocative scholarship, an unwillingness or incapacity to distinguish between the trivial and the seminal in the selection of data, and an absence of genuine analysis leave the unhappy impression of a flippant, even insincere approach. Whereas in *The Robber Barons* Josephson asserted the value standards of the craftsman, provided by Thorstein Veblen, as opposed to the naked profit motive of the industrial entrepreneur, in this volume, thrown back on his own resources, he is at loss for a moral calliper. Consequently, we are served up fits and snatches from Hillman's speeches and reported conversations. Thinly strewn over nearly seven hundred pages, these are intended to serve not as the substance for "a devotional essay," as one acidic critic claims, but as a timid retreat from just such a responsibility. . . . Yet there is enough to draw upon in this biography, so that Hillman's true significance may be filtered out.

Hillman ate, drank, and slept the labor movement throughout most of his life with slight pause for reflection, in the earliest days of his youth in Lithuania and America, he guarded his privacy (aided and abetted, it is true, by Tsarist prison sentences). He led the life of the ascetic recluse, drinking little, eating less, smoking cigarettes endlessly, and reading, continually reading. The close dissections of the modern soul in the pages of Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Dostoievsky, and the contemporary scriptures of progress, Darwin, Marx, Mill, Spencer, and T. H. Morgan, comprised his literary and spiritual fare. For the rebellious rabbinical student, this must have been revelation imbibed at white heat. For Hillman was a product of Talmudic Lithuania of the villages, the son of an improvident grain merchant, the grandson of a hapless unworldly rabbi, oblivious to the industrial torrent engulfing the cities and the tremendous lure of "Gentile" learning. Gompers, by contrast, was born at the heart of the industrial revolution, in the Spitalfields district of London, conditioned to proletarianism. For Gompers the journey with his family in 1863 from the East Side of London to the East Side of New York was an experience involving little more than geographic relocation, a process that abused human sensibilities only incidentally. Not so with Sidney Hillman born thirty-seven years later. Zagare, Lithuania, had not yet come to terms with the world of steam and steel. Medieval tradition still enshrouded the village, a world as yet unsundered by the Moloch of industrialism. As a lone political exile in the "husky, brawling city of the big shoulders," separated by thousands of miles from kith and kin, mastering a language which he found difficult, Hillman, even the tough-minded Hillman, would be overtaken by nostalgia. Unconsciously he would strive to recover the essential harmony of the village, to reconstruct the moral unity, the sense of personality and social responsibility of the Lithuanian townlet, streamlined to fit the fabric of an industrial society. This, he was somewhat reluctant to admit to his perfervid followers many years later, though less self-conscious about the matter than is his biographer.

> I have no ultimate program. . . . In time of leisure—and that time is becoming more and more scarce—I indulge in dreams. But I don't permit them to become the policy of the organization.

Yet the embarrassing dreams never altogether deserted Hillman. His wagon would always be hitched to a star.

By 1914, many Americans had become outraged at the ravages which industrialization had condoned beneath the flag of patriotism, "Americanism," and free enterprise. Hillman entered American life in step with the Progressives and the Wilson Democrats, at the high-tide of pre-World War I liberalism. Hillman, like Gompers, intuitively grasped the prevailing middle class spirit in America, but it was a more mature America than the traditional structure which Gompers encountered three and four decades earlier. Some of the newspapers, that indefinable entity known as public opinion, and liberal and charitable citizens everywhere but especially in Chicago and New York, were receptive to social innovation. Men were at least willing to acknowledge the existence of a "labor problem" and an "industrial problem."

If early participation in political revolution brought out the uncompromising militant spirit in Hillman, all evidence seems to agree that this was not the expression of his essential character. The "spirit of sweet reasonableness" which Joseph Schaffner, his employer, detected in his earliest encounter with Hillman, was joined with "marvellous tact"; the "messianic" quality, ever present, was never truculent, never obtrusive in the former socialist. How different in temperament from the bellicose Gompers!

Matthew Josephson persistently emphasizes Hillman's moderation. Studied or congenital, acquired through a keen social awareness or instinctively imbibed with his mother's milk, or a combination of the two, the judicious mien revealed itself repeatedly and early as his outstanding trait. He was a man "in whom the arts of diplomacy and manipulation were instinctive," notes his biographer. Commented John E. Williams, the sage of Streator, Illinois, and one of the earliest arbitrators brought into the clothing industry,

> The chief deputy is as yet only twenty [six] years old, and the most remarkable characteristic in one so young is his power of restraint. We expect youth to be fiery, enthusiastic, daring; but we rarely find it coupled with that poise, repose, self-mastery so necessary to great achievement of any sort. I have known him when he had a strike vote in his pocket, and when a wave of his hand would have summoned his comrades to battle, refuse the temptation to make himself an idolized leader . . . and choose the harder, less spectacular role of a practical constructive builder of an organization that would get results for his people. And that to me is the highest test of . . . leadership.

When the Amalgamated Clothing Workers union was formed by secession from the United Garment Workers in 1914, it was a foregone conclusion that Sidney Hillman, though far-removed from the site of the convention and engaged in another occupation, would receive the call to the presidency of the union. Not until 1933, did the Federation recognize the Amalgamated. In the interim, under Hillman's devoted leadership, the independent Amalgamated became one of the most admired social institutions in the United States, the virtual showplace of "industrial unionism," the "darling" of social workers, liberals, and all men of good will. It could never be said of Hillman as it was said of Gompers, "The greater world of labor he never glimpsed. . . ." The leader of the "immigrant rubbish" would yet prove himself equal to the American "urban frontier," to advert to Samuel Lubell's apt expression. (The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union with a similar pedigree, though without any single outstanding leader, was to make comparable strides in a "sister" industry.)

In the early years between 1910 and 1914 when Hillman's genius for mediation revealed itself, for restoring "the amalgam that dropped out of society," to borrow a phrase of J. H. Randall's, much of the machinery for labor-industry relations, adopted in industry after industry in later years, was tried and tested. The "Protocol of Peace" drawn up in settlement of the cloakmakers' strike of 1910, the "Great Revolt," with the architectonic assistance of that staunch advocate of "industrial peace," Louis Brandeis, served as a model and an inspiration for the "Hart, Schaffner and Marx Plan" drawn up in Chicago some months later. This was something more than arbitration "pure and simple." Hillman called it "industrial self-government," the beginning of "the recognition of human rights in the shops," "industrial democracy" on trial. What did it mean to Hillman and his fellows? Said he testifying before the Industrial Commission of 1915:

> I believe that there is such a change that really it cannot be explained. The people really felt themselves a little more like men and women. Before there was not a feeling like that in any non-union shop. Contrary to any statement by people who defend the open shop, I do not feel it is possible to have the full feeling of manhood.

With the dedication and spirit of men on trial, the union officers sweated over the regulation of endless minutes—questions of shop

standards, of quality, of piecework prices, and of workers' discipline. Hillman believed in the vital importance of this achievement for American society as a whole. As he expressed it later when summing up the achievements of the New Deal administration:

> It is the party that has the power to create new conditions in industrial or political relations that is, in an important sense, progressive. Such a party (or labor organization) may recondition our social relationships.

Even from its earliest days, the Amalgamated was to become the prototype for the modern industrial union. The Amalgamated never was discouraged by barriers of culture and language as impediments to organization. Its newspapers were printed not only in English but in French, Italian, Yiddish, Polish, Lithuanian, and Bohemian. At the time when nativism and anti-immigration sentiment was at its height, Hillman replied to the detractors of his fellow immigrants that "Americanism is not talking about it, but working out in its own sphere of action a system that will create less unrest."

Much of the activity undertaken by the Amalgamated must be regarded as a product of the spirit of social service and social responsibility which animated that organization. Here Hillman's guiding hand constantly asserted itself. A firm believer in self help, "the liberation of the workers is a matter for the workers themselves," Hillman provided that example rather than precept would invest the union with public confidence and respect. His union was the first to realize the value of a research department to deal with employers on their own level—even to assist and instruct them at their own game. Acquaintance with the innovation of labor banking through Warren S. Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, stimulated the Amalgamated to enter this field. The provision for unemployment insurance funds and the successful ventures into co-operative housing were novelties duplicated by few other unions. While the conservative craft unions of the Federation were anesthetized by the soporific prosperity of the 1920's and their own social and ideological bankruptcy under new industrial conditions, Hillman kept his eye on the future, confident of his mission on the "urban frontier."

The big chance came in 1933. In 1930, at a time when "free enterprise" had virtually thrown the towel into the ring, Hillman and his associates had already outlined a program that foreshadowed the New

Deal. Bust had followed Boom and social messianism, unknown to itself, had been carried into office by the tranquil decision of the ballot box.

Hillman's training and temperament were ideally fitted for the gigantic tasks of the years ahead. His "greatest talent as a political personality in the world of labor, or that of national affairs, resided in his special ability to bring men and groups of opposing tendencies together to work in a tolerable accord for some common end." In this role Hillman was almost unique among labor leaders—an ideal foil to the constitutionally obstinate John L. Lewis. Having observed the benevolent role of government vis-à-vis labor during World War I, as a member of the Board of Control and Labor Standards for Army Clothing, Hillman was able to anticipate the greater opportunities and responsibilities which would accrue to organized labor in an era of "statism." It was hardly chance that of the five-man Labor Advisory Board for the National Recovery Administration, two should come from the Amalgamated. In Roosevelt's kitchen cabinet, Hillman represented labor. In 1940, as assistant to William Knudsen, Hillman became a member of the National Defense Advisory Commission; soon thereafter, he became associate director general of its successor, the Office of Production Management. For the first time in American history, labor had entered into a long term partnership with government. Newly organized labor was acquiring status and dignity. The formation of the CIO, the organization of industrial unions in rubber, steel, motors, textiles, aluminum, Labor's Non-Partisan League, and the Political Action Committee of the CIO, all contributed to the activization of a new potential middle class, the extension of the American dream to what Europeans and even many Americans were beginning to regard as the "submerged classes."

The CIO's and to some extent Hillman's miscalculations in the international field, like Gompers' failures, were closely associated with the prevailing spirit of the times. The World Federation of Trade Unions organized during the second World War, when pro-Russian sentiment was dominant and the crisis of war overshadowed all other considerations, permitted the Soviet-dominated unions to play a major and potentially insidious role. Only in 1949 with the founding of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions was the error in judgment perceived and rectified. So much the American, Hillman

like Roosevelt, entertained the notion that personal sincerity and amiability would win over opposition abroad as it had at home.

It was Hillman's destiny to insinuate millions of Americans into the consciousness of the American middle class by demonstrating labor's ability to master the instrumentalities—financial, social, political, and technological—of our modern complex industrial society. First tested in the bailiwick of his own union and then injected into the mainstream of American life during the Roosevelt Revolution, so commonplace have these changes become, so "middle class," so "American" that their value is no longer open to question.

If much of the spirit of Sidney Hillman lives on in American labor, it is significant that the impress of Sam Gompers lies equally deep. With the acceptance of labor in the last two decades, with the informal coalescence of craft and industrial unionism, and with the onset of a less than benevolent administration, the real test of the new labor statesmanship is now in the offing.

Despite differences in tactics and basic goals, neither Hillman nor Gompers misunderstood the middle class temper and drive of America. C. Wright Mills' judgment that "socially and ideologically the wage workers are more middle class than has been assumed" is but a vindication of the basic insights of labor's most acute and optimistic leaders. To be middle class in the United States has been a state of mind, a novel presumption, the birthright of all, and a challenge to technology and human inertia rather than a relationship to the instruments of production. But with middle class power and responsibility goes middle class conscience. Fortunately this axiom has not been lost on labor's leaders in the past nor does it seem in danger of submergence in the future by labor's new leaders.

Charred Sockets

By TADD FISHER

I laugh at cosmic dismay
when a disobedient comet
strays to earth
just for the vain satisfaction
of an impulsive blaze . . .
leaving all the other comets wondering
if it's worth it to take the plunge.

There's always the problem
of whether a perpetual glitter
is more impressive in celestial circles
than an old abandoned charred socket.

I wonder . . .
how many miles are there
of yawning facets
where prodigal stars were fitted?

I was born and raised in heaven.
I am the prodigal daughter
of an omnipotent Father.

I am the peoples' representative . . .
symbol of a million charred sockets.

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Gompers and the Irony of Racism

By ARTHUR MANN

SINCE THE EARLY 1940's, America has turned a corner—perhaps the corner—on race relations. Areas once forbidden or carefully restricted to one group or another are now less restricted. In the armed services, the universities, the churches, the trade unions, the governments of at least seven states, and in such "Anglo-Saxon" professions as engineering, the believers in racial democracy are winning out. Much remains to be done, certainly, and not the least is the removal of the immigration laws of the 1920's, recently reaffirmed by the Eighty-Second Congress.

The National Origin Plan of 1924, which went into effect in 1929 and is the basis for present laws, was racist, its aim being to maintain the "Anglo-Saxon" character of America; and its backers in the 1920's were frank in acknowledging it, as they are today. Of the 150,000 odd immigrants allowed entry each year, about 80 per cent must be from Northern and Western Europe. The law of 1924 which excluded Orientals recently has been amended to fit them into the quota system. At present, Senator Patrick McCarran, the son of Irish-Catholic immigrants, symbolizes the core of leaders purporting to preserve the "ethnic purity" of the nation. Ironically situated as McCarran appears to those who know the prejudice Irish immigrants encountered in this country, what of Samuel Gompers, son of Jewish immigrants and an immigrant himself, who, by his pioneering efforts in racial slander, helped pave the way for the laws of the 1920's, and therefore, for the Senator from Nevada?

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President of the AFL for more than forty years, from its founding in the 1880's until his death in 1924, Sam Gompers' ideas reached strategic places of influence. Although his union represented only a fraction of those who worked for wages, by the twentieth century few disputed his presumption to speak for all American labor. He was invited to join the National Civic Federation, an association of the country's important civic leaders interested—in its fashion—in resolving the conflicts between labor and capital. Between 1908 and 1920, the AFL supported the Democratic Party, rode to victory with Woodrow Wilson, and was rewarded with important legislation. Wilson chose Gompers as one of his advisors during World War I and, during the peace that followed, the labor chief helped draft the labor covenant of the League of Nations. While in Europe, Gompers visited kings and generals, premiers and presidents, and helped a jittery Europe hold the line against the Communists. In 1920, with more than three million members behind him and having demonstrated his party loyalty and patriotism, Samuel Gompers ranked as the most important trade union leader in America.

He came to this peak from lowly origins. Born in London in 1850 of impoverished Dutch-Jewish immigrants, he had but four years of schooling at a Jewish sectarian school. At the age of ten young Gompers' formal education terminated, and his father apprenticed him to his own trade, cigar making. The Gompers's, unable to establish themselves in England, emigrated to the United States during the Civil War. Settling down on Houston Street in New York's East Side, they did little better in the New World than they had in the Old. Young Sam, however, energetic, ambitious, and quick to learn, threw himself into a number of activities that would take him out of the ghetto into the mainstream of American life. He joined the local cigarmakers union at fourteen, married at seventeen, and while under twenty-five, became president of his local. He learned from experience—from strikes unwon, from broken and bloody heads, from the utopianism of the Knights of Labor, from the intellectualism of the Marxian Socialists—that the salvation of the skilled worker lay in founding trade unionism on business principles. Together with likeminded men, he led the fight against T. V. Powderly and the Knights of Labor, and helped organize the AFL in 1881 on the principles of business unionism. By 1886, except for the opposition of a minority of Socialists, he

was uncontested leader of the new Federation. He and his lieutenants remained in power for nearly half a century.

From his battles for supremacy in the American labor movement, Gompers developed verbal and emotional characteristics that made him a skilled proponent of immigration restriction. He had some humor, his contemporaries report, but no, absolutely no, humility. He was a natural-born fighter, a polemicist of obvious ability, and a hater of his enemies. Once he thought his point of view was right—and it is not known that he developed a significant new idea after the 1890's—he persisted in that view and fought to realize it. Nowhere in his voluminous memoirs does one find the afterthoughts of a mellow man, but rather the first judgments of the controversialist. Perhaps Gompers had to be grim, combative, and relentless to beat off the rival leaders and philosophies of the labor movement: the De Leonites of Marxian Socialism, the Cooperators of the Knights of Labor, the Free Silverites of Bryan Democracy. Whatever the explanation, the immigrants faced an opponent who, for vituperation and steadfastness, was the peer of the Southern demagogue, Tom Watson, or the Yankee blueblood, Henry Cabot Lodge.

In physical appearance, however, the AFL president seemed ill-equipped to spearhead the attack against non-Anglo-Saxons bent on subverting American institutions. He did not look the way an Anglo-Saxon was supposed to look. He was neither tall nor slender nor fair; he was short, squat, and dark. His contemporaries thought him physically unattractive, his enemies rejoiced in his incredible ugliness. Big Bill Haywood, for example, who descended from colonial stock, cracked that Gompers was too puny to lead real men against capitalists. Further, his parents spoke with an accent, a product of the Amsterdam, London, and New York ghettos; and Gompers himself was a Jew and an immigrant. Yet from what we know of the Nazi propagandists of Aryan supremacy—of the Goebbelses and Hitlers—of their physiological and ethnic disabilities, perhaps Gompers' antecedents and physical appearance did equip him for racism. One wonders, as one reads his arraignment of the Chinese and Japanese and Eastern Europeans, whether he were not satisfying an inner need to bolster up his ego. This was one way of proving to himself and to others that he and his fellows of the AFL were *real* Americans, not naturalized foreigners or their descendants; that they "belonged."

And Gompers and his followers wanted to belong. They were not at war with the *status quo*, indeed they scorned those who were. Skilled craftsmen with middle class values, they accepted capitalism and wished to share the privileges, rights, and comforts already enjoyed by the professional and business classes. Moreover, whether born in this country or assimilated immigrants, they wanted desperately to be thought of as Americans. Significantly, the AFL was first known as the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada, when in 1886 the present national appellation was adopted for patriotic purposes. In the 1890's, Gompers refused to recognize foreign-worded resolutions from the convention floor, for fear they would make the Federation of Labor sound less American.

The tactics and the strategy of pure and simple trade unionism were all directed toward pragmatic goals. As Adolphe Strasser, speaking before a Congressional committee, put it: "We have no ultimate ends. . . . We are going on from day to day. We are fighting only for immediate objects—objects that can be realized in a few years." Similarly, Gompers proudly reported: "At no time in my life have I worked out definitely an articulated economic theory." On only one point were the pure-and-simples absolutist in their thinking. For the trade union movement to succeed it was essential to control the job market, if need be to monopolize it. To do this it was necessary to organize skilled workers in craft unions, maintain them with high dues and uniform apprentice laws, and secure government legislation to prevent competition from child, convict, and alien contract labor.

At the same time that the AFL embarked on its program, the American economy underwent changes that challenged craft unionism. The increasing use of machinery and unskilled hands, who came from American and European farms, was laying the basis for industrial unionism. Further, with the employment of foreign-born workers, generally hired on the cheapest basis possible, it appeared to the AFL that the dignity of work—an old American doctrine—would no longer hold. The AFL solution was simple: prevent the introduction of machinery and loss of status by restricting, and if need be, by halting, immigration. Gompers appealed to public opinion through frankly racist arguments, helping to forge the myth of Anglo-Saxon superiority upon which the present immigration laws rest.

II

Gompers early decided not to fight the color line, accepted Negroes only on a Jim Crow basis. This contrasted with the policy of the Knights of Labor, chief competitor of the Federation, which made no distinctions as to skilled or unskilled, white or black. The AFL explanation was one of expediency; the Southern locals, and some of the Northern ones, would not like Negroes in their crafts. This decision prepared the AFL to think in racial terms, and it only required the Chinese question to make its position clear.

When the Chinese first arrived in the West in significant numbers in the 1850's, they were, like other immigrants, welcomed. As Ralph Waldo Emerson, who knew his countrymen so well, put it: the energies of all of America's newcomers "will construct a new race, a new religion, a new state, a new literature, which will be as vigorous as the new Europe which came out of the smelting-pot of the Dark Ages." In the West, the Chinese, like other immigrants since 1820, did work which native Americans avoided: they drained the swamps, built the railroads, entered personal service industries. California leaders, happy that the state was so close to such a source of immigration as the East, prophesied that the men from the Orient would be melted down in the chemistry of the American pot.

Some twenty-five years later the Chinese encountered an almost pathological racial hatred. The boom of the post-Civil War years bred a number of millionaires who, in collusion with corrupt politicians, entrenched themselves in the state government; and the transition, after the mines gave out, to an economy of farming, industry, and trade, resulted in serious displacement of labor. Matters came to a boil during the depression of 1873-1877, with a large number of unemployed on the one side, railroad chieftains like Stanford, Hill, and Scott on the other, and the Chinese as a likely scapegoat. "Everything, in short," noted Lord Bryce, "was ripe for a demagogue." That demagogue was Dennis Kearney, Irish Catholic immigrant. Capitalizing on unemployment and political corruption, he formed the Workingman's Political Party in 1877 to urge the regulation of big business, and the exclusion of the Chinese, whom he accused of being responsible for unemployment.

California labor leaders in the AFL convinced their brethren in the East to go along with them. Gompers in New York learned from

Kearney as well as from other West Coast agitators all the arguments against the "Coolie." As President of the AFL he led the rank and file appeal to Congress to pass the Exclusion Act of 1882, which suspended the immigration of Chinese workers for ten years. In that year, the Federation boasted, "Numerous monster demonstrations expressive of the views of trade unionists in opposition to the unrestricted importation of Chinese Coolie slaves were held all over the country." Gompers pressed for the renewal of the law when its time was up, and after the Spanish-American War, he appealed to the Federal government to exclude the Chinese from the insular possessions, and protested the use of Chinese on the Panama Canal. When Koreans and Japanese emigrated to these shores at the turn of the century, Gompers similarly urged their exclusion. They were barred by the "Gentlemen's Agreement" of 1907-1908 between this country and Japan. In 1924, both peoples were excluded by law.

Throughout their activities against the Asiatic, the AFL led by Gompers and interested Californians, insisted on the inborn inferiority of the Yellow Man. As Gompers put it in his Presidential Report of 1901: "There cannot be any honest division of opinion on Chinese exclusion." In part, he attacked Orientals because he thought they threatened to compete in cigar making, in the shoe and textile industries. More important, he loathed them as a race. Because he hoped to persuade Congress and the general public, not only workers, he pointed up in numerous speeches, magazine articles, and Washington appearances, the Yellow Menace to the entire fabric of American life. His most comprehensive treatment of the subject appeared in 1902, when the nation was preparing to renew the exclusion law for another ten years. Gompers thought so well of *Meat vs. Rice, American Manhood Against Coolieism, Which Shall Survive?*, that he brought it out unrevised to influence public opinion in 1908 on the question of Japanese immigration.

The foundation stone of Gompers' racist argument was that, by birth, Orientals were unfit for the melting pot. The barrier between "Caucasians" and "Asiatics" was insurmountable; either we exclude them by law or they "will be driven out by force of arms." In their native countries they showed themselves to be incapable of self-government or economic improvement, "allowing themselves to be barbarously tyrannized over." In this country, they continued their

awful habits, "entirely at variance," he said, "with our economic, political, social and moral conceptions."

The Asiatics, it was asserted, were congenitally immoral. "Ninety-nine out of every 100 Chinese are gamblers," wrote Gompers. The Yellow Man finds it natural to lie, cheat, and murder. Chinatown, as everyone knew, abounded in passion and vice. Opium, the pride of "John Chinaman" and the flower of the "civilization of Confucius," was corrupting Caucasians in every Chinatown from San Francisco to Boston; and the shrewdness and cunning and baseness of the Asiatic dope peddler were such that the white had no chance to resist. Who, asked Gompers, has not seen these American addicts, "these poor, miserable and degraded wrecks, . . . the beloved children of fond parents, who perhaps builded upon their bright prospects but are now hopelessly lost forever."

Gompers raised the sexual bugaboo, an always potent weapon in racial bigotry. He wrote: "Time was when little girls no older than twelve years were found in Chinese laundries under the influence of opium. What other crimes were committed in those dark and fetid places when these little victims of the Chinaman's wiles were under the influence of the drug is too horrible to imagine." The Chinese, in fact, love to "prey upon American girls," and prefer them to their own kind, whom they willingly leave behind in the old country. This lust for white flesh Gompers thought so awful that he thundered against Boston for permitting its prostitutes to become the mistresses of the Chinese. As for Chinese prostitutes, they were all diseased, more so than the whites. The latter, further, would not trade with young boys, but the Chinese—irrefutable fact—"do not care how old the boys are, as long as they have money." As Gompers exploded over the seduction of twelve-year-old white girls, so he did over that of "eight- and ten-year-old" boys, many of whom, he alleged, were treated for venereal disease. It was as clear and as axiomatic as a first principle in Euclid that Asiatics were lecherous, not like the family-minded white; and they would always be so.

These Asiatics also loved to live in filthy surroundings, throve on damp cellars, vermin, mouldy food, open cesspools, stinking sinks and urinals. It all came so naturally to them, being Yellow Men. That Chinese and Japanese domestics were neat and clean was a naive belief, held by those who did not understand the workings of Asiatic cunning. In the homes of whites, these domestics adapt themselves to Caucasian

civilization, but only temporarily. For "the instinct of the race remains unchanged, and when the Chinese servant leaves employment in an American household he joyfully hastens back to his slum and his burrow to the grateful luxury of his normal surroundings—vice, filth and an atmosphere of horror."

The Chinese were denied citizenship, but Gompers never considered this when he pointed out that they did not participate in our government. They simply had no capacity for self-government, as evidenced by the autocracy of the Six Companies (an association of merchants handling Chinese emigration). As for their economic malpractices, Chinese laborers and businessmen undercut their white competitors; a Chinaman would live on next to nothing. Because he worked for so little, he was degrading the dignity of work in general and the trade he entered in particular; "absolute servility is expected from those who take the place of 'John' or 'Togo.' "

Gompers' image of the Chinese, worked out in the years 1890-1910, caught on because it seemed to explain in easily understood terms what was wrong with America. For many, the chief problem was the city, which had developed with such sudden swiftness and awful consequences. The muckrakers of the period had a wide audience for their disclosures of urban crime and vice and corruption. It seemed reasonable to blame the foreigner for these, for did he not settle the city, make the slums? Further, many educated as well as noneducated people imagined, at that time, that "races" inherited moral and intellectual qualities. This was as true of Professor John R. Commons, who believed in democracy, as of Madison Grant, who did not.

III

It had been easy for Gompers to draw a line between yellow and white, for with the emergence of the post-Reconstruction South and the flareup of imperialism in the 1890's Americans had learned to think in terms of the color line. It was quite another matter to persuade the AFL, which included so many Old World elements, to shut the door on European immigrants. It required the depression years of 1893-1897, when employment fell off drastically and a popular uprising seemed imminent, for Gompers to persuade the AFL to support the Lodge-Corliss literacy test, which was designed to keep out the "new immigrants" from Italy, Russia, and the Austro-Hungarian empire.

When in 1893, America descended into the trough of the business cycle, it seemed as if the nation had come to the end of its experiment. Farmers went to the wall as cotton dropped to a little more than a nickel a pound, and wheat to less than fifty cents a bushel. By 1894, the majority of railroad stocks failed to pay dividends, and no less than fifteen thousand business enterprises folded up. Banks everywhere, but particularly in the South and West, closed their doors, causing Henry Adams to remark, "Men died like flies under the strain." Some fifteen months after Cleveland took office four million unemployed were looking for work.

How to explain the paradox of want in a nation that had so much? The Marxian Socialists found the cause in capitalism, the Anarchists in too much government, the Single-Taxers in the failure to tax unearned increment, the Populists in the collusion of Cleveland with the money power, the Christian Socialists in the straying from Jesus' principles. Perhaps in no other decade but the 1930's was there as widespread a sense of crisis in the face of economic dislocation, as in the 1890's. Jacob Coxey led a ragged "army" of unemployed to Washington to demand work, only to be arrested for trespassing on the grounds of the Capitol. There were numerous and savage strikes, climaxed by the Pullman Strike, in which Cleveland broke the back of the American Railway Union and imprisoned its leader, Eugene Debs. On the prairies, Mary Ellen Lease and "Sockless" Jerry Simpson exhorted the farmers to raise less corn and more hell, rallying rural folk around the banner of Populism. In Boston, a rabbi urged America to adopt a utopia outlined in his book: *Young West: A Sequel to Edward Bellamy's Celebrated Novel LOOKING BACKWARD.* In the presidential election of 1896, nearly, but not quite, a majority voted for William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic standard bearer and leader of the first of the new deals.

Not Gompers though. Labor's troubles, he thought, were due to the immigrant. Two years before the Panic of 1893 he had come to the conclusion that the American economy had reached its peak and could no longer absorb any newcomers. In 1895, there appeared an article in his journal, *The American Federationist,* which called for "the immediate closing of our ports" for the duration of the depression. Labor, it was explained, had all it could do to protect itself from the introduction of machinery and the competition of women, children

and convicts. Like some of our modern restrictionists, Gompers trumpeted his faith in American capitalism but had no confidence in its capacity for expansion.

In 1896, he called upon the AFL to endorse the Lodge-Corliss literacy test, and encountered the opposition of Marxian Socialists and New Englanders brought up on the traditions of Emerson. Both believed in the solidarity of the human race, in the common humanity shared by all men irrespective of ethnic and religious backgrounds. After a referendum in 1896 and a furious debate at the AFL National Convention of 1897, Gompers won out. In the twenty years following, he called for more stringent legislation (increased head tax, sterner physical examination, more capital on entry), and in the 1920's pressed for virtual exclusion. In all of his activities he considered himself something of a prophet leading the American people to face a deadly sin. Reminiscing, he wrote of the turn of the century: "That was a day before there was a general understanding of the principle that the maintenance of the nation depended upon the maintenance of racial purity and strength."

"*Racial purity*"—here was the heart of Gompers' argument. It was not only that America could not find place for the newcomer; it was finding place for the wrong kind of newcomer. To overcome the opposition of men who knew that they too were Europeans in their origins, it was necessary to point out that there were ineradicable differences among Europeans. Gompers distinguished between the "new" and the "old" immigrants, between the British, Germans, Dutch, French and Scandinavians, and the "South Italians and Slavs and others equally or more undesirable and injurious." The new immigrants, he charged, were impossible to organize; they cut wages and made possible the introduction of machinery that displaced skilled workers. Unlike the old immigrants, they were a heterogeneous stew or divergent and discordant customs, languages, institutions; and they were impossible to assimilate or unionize. They came not to settle permanently, to take root in America, but to earn a few dollars and return home. How different were the older immigrants: amenable to trade unionism, patriotic, family men. *They* believed in democracy—it was in the very marrow of their bones. They were clean and, unlike the carriers of stilettos and grudges, peace-loving. The new immigrants in comparison were the "beaten men of beaten races."

What saved Gompers from the worst manifestations of racism was that he was, after all, an American. Within the AFL there were already men of diverse backgrounds, and it was of crucial importance to minimize their differences for the Federation to prosper. On several occasions Gompers sponsored resolutions condemning intolerance. Finally, as leader of an organization that proposed to be on fraternal relations with the world labor movement, including Italians and Hawaiians, he found it necessary to defend his restrictionist views on humanitarian grounds.

Thus, he claimed that the literacy test would aid the cause of democracy in Europe: foreigners denied entrance here would stay at home and divest their countries of corrupt rulers. Further, the test would be a boon to world literacy, for immigrants desirous of coming to these shores would be stimulated to learn how to read. It would also extend the public school system to such monarchial countries as Italy, Austria, and Russia, whose leaders, anxious to rid themselves of over-population, would educate their people so they would be admitted to America. "In all earnestness," Gompers asserted in 1911, "we disavow for American organized labor the holding of any vulgar prejudices against foreigners." In 1905, in New York's Madison Square Garden he went so far as to say: "I have met some Chinamen of whom I think very much"; and his memoirs attested to his admiration of Chinese culture—in China.

Not the rationalizations but the racialist ideas of Sam Gompers (and others) caught on in the 1920's. That decade, like the 1870's and 1890's, was a period of crisis, of which the Palmer raids, the fear of Bolshevism, the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, the rejection of the World Court and League of Nations, and the Sacco-Vanzetti case were symptoms and causes. Amidst nationalistic passions, fear of the immigrant reached such proportions that the gates were closed, thereby ending the greatest folk migration of all times.

IV

Of course, Gompers was not the only leader in the restrictionist movement; he labored side by side with southern demagogues, Protestant ministers, radicals grown bitter with frustrated hopes, and very proper New Englanders. ("So far as I can remember," wrote Gompers, "this is the only issue upon which I have ever found myself

in accord with Senator Lodge.") Like his contemporaries, he and his class feared loss of status in the new America that appeared after the Civil War; racial snobbism became a badge of respect and honor. Again, like his contemporaries, the swiftness of social change and the problems thereby generated made him question America's capacity for growth and experimentation. With that loss of nerve he turned nostalgically to the past to assign characteristics to the old immigrants that they never had in order to freeze out the new. In one respect Gompers differed from middle class racialists: he was fond of arguing that the members of the AFL suffered from unrestricted immigration through their stomachs.

It is questionable that this was so. A century ago the Reverend Edward Everett Hale noted that when foreigners "come in among us they come to lift us up . . . they take the lowest place . . . and . . . natives . . . are simply pushed up, into foremen, . . . superintendents, . . . railway agents, machinists, inventors, teachers, artists, etc." The United States Immigration Commission, which questioned whether immigrants were really human, nevertheless conceded that they were no threat to skilled workers. The Socialists and New England idealists in the AFL (many of whom had disappeared by World War I) recognized this, but Gompers and his followers, insistent on monopolizing the job market, saw a threat where none existed. They were, among other things, bad economists.

A good many Americans today deplore racial bigotry, think it un-American, unhealthy for our economy and institutions, a crippling defect in the cold war for democracy. Some think that it is, at least, bad form. We might also regard it as amusing, remembering that we laugh hardest at our most serious problems. When the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge began his plans to restrict immigration in the 1890's, he particularly had in mind the Jews and the Irish. Yet, once it was the Jewish Gompers who guarded America's "racial purity," and now it is the Irish McCarran who, on the same Senate floor upon which Lodge stood, orates: "Opening the gates to a flood of Asiatics, . . . destruction of the national-origins quota system would . . . change the ethnic and cultural composition of this nation." Perhaps the late Senator, now at rest in the melting pot of heaven, is looking down at these two Anglo-Saxons by proxy, and is ready to say, with Oscar Wilde: "Ah, don't say you agree with me. When people agree with me, I always feel that I must be wrong."

The Grim Reaper's Took Jay-Jay

By HELEN WEST

KATIEMAY always remembered the day Jay-Jay was drowned. It was the day she had to go after the cow. She was sitting on the front steps wishing for sleep but her rising was paining her something terrible. Like a big red brown knob it swelled under her knee. She picked gingerly at the tender scab to see if it had come to a head yet.

Her back was so stiff from twisting she couldn't run when Mrs. Conroy stopped her fancy green car at the gate.

She had to wait while Mrs. Conroy walked carefully across the yard avoiding ant-ridden bones and chicken droppings. Before Katiemay's sleep-hungry eyes Mrs. Conroy's sleeveless white linen dress and white rimmed sun glasses formed a skeleton-like blur. Rawhead and Bloodybones! Katiemay shivered. It was bad enough for Mrs. Conroy to live in the woods haunted by the Black Tom without reminding folks of Rawhead and Bloodybones.

Katiemay closed her eyes and hoped Mrs. Conroy wouldn't see her. Lots of times folks didn't see her. She was just one of the tow-headed passel of Hardee young'uns. Even Ma and Pa didn't trouble to single out any of them but Willie Pearl.

Reaching the steps, Mrs. Conroy gave Katiemay an absent smile and called, "Mrs. Hardee? Anybody home?"

Mrs. Hardee came out laying her barefooted slovenliness to Mr. Hardee's being took with the rigors during the night. She was wiping a spoon syrupy with cocoa quinine on her apron and calling Willie Pearl to come speak to Mrs. Conroy.

Mrs. Conroy tried to state her business once or twice but Mrs. Hardee would have no interruptions to social amenities. She told Mrs. Conroy about Pa's rigors being second to none excusing those of Aunt

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HELEN WEST was born in Mississippi and grew up there. With her husband and two children, she now lives in Washington.

Cassie in '07. She punctuated her sentences with "Wasn't we, Willie Pearl?" or "Ain't that so, Willie Pearl?" Willie Pearl, overgrown and blankfaced, nodded each time showing her teeth. She had two sets of teeth, her baby teeth having remained with crooked persistence beside her second teeth. Mrs. Hardee beamed with pride. Mrs. Conroy shuddered.

It turned out that Mrs. Conroy had come about the cow. It had gotten into her place again and this time had trampled half the azaleas around the swimming pool. Mrs. Conroy had been patient with the Hardees and their cow, but she had had enough now and if they didn't keep that cow off her property she would shoot it—so help her. She had chased it into the woods and somebody had better come get it.

Katiemay fixed her sleepy stare on a distant dusty crepe myrtle bush and cringed inwardly at Mrs. Conroy's offhand way of talking about somebody going in those fearsome woods. The specter of the Black Tom and the pale child rose before her. She pushed her aching leg savagely against the floor bringing hot pain to drive away the specter.

The car left a silent cone of dust behind it. Katiemay gave in to fatigue and leaned listlessly against the post. Distantly through the warm throbbing of her leg she heard Pa's turning in the bed and Ma's long tale of Aunt Cassie's rigors being mortally fatal, coming like they did during dog days.

From the edge of sleep she heard Ma say she reckoned Jay-Jay'd have to go after the cow. She started to tell Ma that Jay-Jay had been over at Luke Breed's for a couple of days now, but her drowsy mind followed Luke Breed instead. He was no older than Jay-Jay, but he was fullgrown mean. And though Katiemay was afraid to sleep unless Jay-Jay was on his pallet next to hers, she preferred staring wide-eyed into the dark all night to playing at Luke Breed's.

Suddenly she was struggling, beneath tremendous waves of sleep, against Ma's voice. There was nobody else 'round the place so Katiemay would have to go after the cow. The feverish protest of her inflamed knee was nothing to the old menace of Ma's huge uplifted hand. Katiemay fled, stumbling in a blind daze out of the yard and down the road toward the wrought iron gate of Mrs. Conroy's summer place. She'd never been near this gate without holding Jay-Jay's hand.

The awning-fluttered house, the swimming pool, the patio foun-

tain, the little bamboo-caged parakeets were a bright silence surrounded by the dark tangle of bayou woods.

Long ago this house had been a one-room school. And here on a night long ago the lifeless body of a blonde child had been found. A great black tom cat stood outlined in the open window. He glared for a baleful moment before vanishing into the moist woods. Everybody knew right off what caused the little girl's death. The black cat had sucked the life's breath from the pale child.

Ever after it was said that on dark nights the girl's sobbing could be heard from the woods. On moonlight nights the specter of Black Tom and the pale child faded again and again between the trees leaving the long grey moss swinging gently.

Without Jay-Jay, Katiemay knew she had to run. She plunged into the woods driving herself against her mounting fear. Breathlessly, rapidly, she called "Soo cow, Soo cow," desperate lest terror carry her senseless to its unknown pinnacle before she found the cow.

Deeper into the tangled woods she scrambled. The sulphurous odor of the bayou filtered through the moss shrouds of the ancient trees. It seeped more strongly through the low palmetto fans. "Soo cow," she cried wildly without waiting to hear her voice spread and drift through the silence.

A great moist cypress knee rose before her leering above giant fern fronds. She stopped and from the stillness came a sudden noise. Something was moving behind the cypress knee. She closed her eyes and screamed, "Jay-Jay!" When she looked again the cow was ambling unconcernedly toward her. She grabbed the frayed neckrope and jerked the plodding cow with agonized frenzy.

Eventually she staggered into the Hardee yard still sobbing helplessly and pulling weakly at the cow's rope.

The wagon from the general store was in the yard. A half-filled seed bag lay across the seat and a faded wet rag of a quilt hung from the back. The house was full of people. From it came sounds of mournful talk.

An old man leaning against the wagon spoke to Katiemay, "H'its your brother, Jay-Jay. He's drownded." Katiemay stared at him. "Yep," he went on, "The Grim Reaper's done took pore Jay-Jay."

The Grim Reaper. The Grim Reaper's done took pore Jay-Jay. Katiemay dropped the rope and ran. She crawled under the house,

flattened herself in the dirt and squirmed until she was wedged tightly under the front steps. With her hot wet face pressing the hard clay, she waited for her gasping to stop. Voices swirled above her mixing with the sounding of her heart against the earth.

First thing anybody knew of it was when Luke came running in the general store hollering about Jay-Jay falling off the bayou bridge. Everybody rushed down to the bayou. There out in the middle they could see Jay-Jay's finger-tips thrust upward from the black water. Sure was a pity, they said, nobody could swim. Somebody ran back to the store and called the sheriff. They hunted for a pole too but never found a likely one. About the time Jay-Jay's fingers disappeared Mrs. Conroy drove over the bridge and stopped.

Mrs. Conroy, not knowing a bayou from a creek, said, "You trash! Standing there watching that child drown. And in that little creek too! So narrow you could almost jump it. You damned trash!" She slammed the door and drove off so fast she nearly killed a dominecker rooster in the road.

Gradually as the pounding in Katiemay's ears lessened she could make out the voices.

Charlie Thompson saying, "Took exactly seven minutes. Yessir, had my gold watch out and this watch ain't never been off a second. Not a second. Railroad watch."

Mrs. Lowry knowing just how Ma felt. Her Loise being carried off by diphtheria only last year.

Ma saying losing a child with diphtheria was nothing like having one drown with just his fingertips out of water.

Mrs. Garnet moaning that Something told her not to throw out that old quilt piece, and her never dreaming it was meant to be a shroud.

Luke Breed, bolstering his waning importance loudly, "Ain't nobody ever gonna know what happened on that bridge but me." Katiemay squeezed her eyes shut tighter. She could feel in her bones what happened. She could feel Luke pushing Jay-Jay off the bridge.

Reverend Morse was saying they'd better have the burying tomorrow on account of the heat. He was thinking nothing less than two solid hours of preaching would be suitable for the occasion.

Pa just couldn't stand to think about his loss. Jay-Jay being his

most favorite child, nothing was too good, no funeral too fine for Jay-Jay.

At the talk of a funeral Katiemay stirred. She could hardly move her leg. The hot skin pulled tighter and tighter across the ugly swelling. Soon she wouldn't be able to walk. She couldn't walk to Jay-Jay's funeral unless it was fixed. Last year Jay-Jay had a terrible rising with two cores on his shoulder. Somebody had put some soap salve on it. Maybe Ma.

She inched her way from her hiding place. Seemed cool outside after the awful heat under the steps. She swiped at the sweat and dirt on her face and limped into the house making her way through the mourners. Ma was in the old iron bed crying and fanning. Willie Pearl sat beside the bed showing her teeth.

"Ma," Katiemay ventured timidly, "I got a bad rising. I can't go to the funeral 'less you put something on it."

Ma looked at her coldly. "Jay-Jay never had no risings," she accused and turned back to her grief.

Mrs. Lowry caught Katiemay by the shoulder bones, "Shame on you, devilling your Ma and her prostrate with grief! Go on outside or somewhere."

Katiemay hobbled stifflly out on the porch looking hopefully around at the faces. Nobody noticed her. And though she hadn't really expected them to, a great sagging loneliness struck her. She bore it a moment, then jumped and ran, contemptuous of the pain, toward the woods.

The sun was going down. It would be dark soon, but that wasn't why she ran so hard. She found the cypress knee and pausing barely long enough to get a suitable stick, attacked it fiercely.

She thrashed and beat the brush and mossy growth about the cypress knee.

"Black Tom?" she called, "Come out. Come out, Black Tom!" She waited with stick upheld. "Yah! Yah!" She slashed downward viciously. "Can't come out, can't come out, 'cause you ain't nothing but a tale." The muscles in her thin arms pulled taut as stretched rope. She slashed again and again. "Grim Reaper, you ain't nothing either." Slash! Whack! "Nothing but folks showing off their gold watches. They never cared for Jay-Jay, t'was only me that cared for Jay-Jay." She beat the top of the cypress knee savagely. "You hear me, Black

Tom? Do you hear me, Grim Reaper? I cared for Jay-Jay, so I couldn't care for you. You ain't nothing . . . Grand-daddy nothing!" she screamed and flung the splintered stick as a final blow at her enemy.

Then she straightened up wonderingly. Her rising had burst leaving only a sore memory of the vivid pain. Without a backward glance at the cypress knee she made her way slowly and calmly through the underbrush.

She stopped beside the wrought iron gate. The stillness of first dark lay upon the earth. She gazed down the road which passed in front of the gate. A distant swirl of dust silently followed a car around the bend, powdering the trees as it went.

Katiemay watched a minute longer not seeing but knowing where the dust would die away. Just around the bend barely out of sight, the dirt road met the blacktop highway. She waited giving the dust time, then she turned and closed the gate carefully behind her.

Jailed

By CONRAD PENDLETON

God jailed me in my flesh and bone
And lost the key on outer star,
Thus scaring me too much alone
Inside the near, with what is far.

While Time gnaws inward at the lock,
I pound the door with outward shout
And plea, yet fear a rusty shock
Will snap the latch and plunge me out.

I anguish in my body's Cross
Defined by nails of Calvary
And Now; I feel the traitor kiss
Stab my heart's Gethsemane.

Yet Time iscariots my mind
With blood's default . . . with Adam's curse:
To elbow stars until I find
God jailed within His universe.

CONRAD PENDLETON has published poetry in a wide variety of magazines.

Mau Mau Activities and the Unrest in Kenya

By MALCOLM DAVIES

DURING THE AFTERNOON of October 7, 1952, news flashed from some thirty miles away to the police headquarters in Nairovi, Kenya's capital, announcing the Senior Chief Waruhiu had been murdered in Kiambu by bandits in a car. The Chief, who was then motoring, had been stopped by the bandits, his name had been requested, and at the mention of the name, he had been shot dead at point-blank range.

This was the first time the Mau Mau Organization had "officially" raised its ugly head. And the government knew that here was something that required all its resources, its presence of mind, and prompt action, to combat successfully. The Kenya government wasted no time.

Within a fortnight, the Chief Secretary announced in the Kenya legislative Council the proclamation of a state of emergency for the whole country. Within another twenty-four hours, ninety-eight African political leaders and editors of African-owned newspapers had been rounded up by the police and armed forces, and flown to prison camps in the desolate Northern Frontier District.

A couple of days afterwards Senior Chief Nderi of Nyeri District was hacked and slashed to pieces in broad daylight. When a military detachment arrived there a few minutes later only a few old men and women were found at the scene of carnage.

Faced with these alarming developments even the most silent and diffident people began to ask questions. What is this organization called Mau Mau? What is its aim? Who are at its head?

These are pertinent questions, but questions which cannot be easily answered. To begin with, nobody seems to know for certain how the word "Mau Mau" came into current use. Many stories have been woven round it, but none can be proved entirely authentic. One

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MALCOLM DAVIES is the pseudonym of a young man who knows from personal experience some of the activities of which he writes in this documentary.

story, however, seems to have more of the ring of truth than the many others. The story goes that police constables went to a native village to arrest an inhabitant of the village who was engaged in some evil, secret activities. An old man, who happened to be looking on, shouted in the Kikuyu language, "Mau Mau!" meaning, "Who are those?" The constables put down this outburst as part of the evidence, and produced it in court. And that is how, so the story informs us, that the nefarious activities which were then gradually enveloping the Colony were christened "Mau Mau" activities.

When the Mau Mau organization was first conceived nobody has the vaguest idea. But of this we are quite sure. Some atrocious crimes, ascribed to Mau Mau, were first brought to light in the Nyeri and Kiambu districts near the close of 1949. Again, there is every indication that this organization is an offshoot of the proscribed Kikuyu Central Association, which has as its principal object the eventual eviction of the white man from Kenya.

It would be of some help in gaining a clear view of the grim situation in Kenya, if we had an idea of its past history.

Let us go back to the years near the dawn of the present century. Seventy years ago, the Monsoon Winds of the Indian Ocean blew a handful of ships with their white passengers to the lonely bays in the East Coast of Africa. The white man landed, and saw before him a glorious country of majestic mountains, of rich valleys, of mysterious forests. . . . And he said to himself, "Here indeed is a heaven on earth, a sanctuary for rest and peace." A few souls, yearning for adventure, plunged inland and when they came back they gave accounts of fabulous wealth, of rich empty lands spreading away to distant horizons, of beautiful, peaceful lakes. . . . Then came the missionary. He also saw the wondrous country, but he also saw that the many scattered tribes inhabiting the country were constantly at war with one another. The orientals were at the time lining their coffers with money made out of Black Slavery. The missionary then hazardously began to preach of a God of love and of brotherhood; he was converting the heathen to Christianity. Then the administrator came, and he promised to protect the native and his interests. Then came the doctor. . . . At last there was peace.

Meanwhile the white man, finding the African so hospitable, after all, began appropriating the land for himself—at first cautiously, then

more boldly. He built a railway from the coast to the center of the country along which his goods would travel. More Europeans came, and more land was taken. The white man had at last found a home where he would obtain peace and freedom from worry.

The successful abolition of the "Black Ivory trade," the enforcement of law and order, and the work of doctors—all three factors combined, resulted in a great increase of the African population. But the land available to the African was now limited, whereas the methods of agriculture practiced consisted of shifting cultivation and communal grazing. And these would not alleviate the growing need. Africans wanted more land. Thus began the long-winded wrangle centered on land which is still raging even today. Deputations, commissions of enquiry, have been sent to Kenya to settle this problem for all time. But always the expanding African population cries for more, and more, and more land; till now the tune has changed and the cry is: "Away with the white man!"; "Kenya for Kenya Africans!" On the other hand the white settler says: "Here I am, and here shall I stay!"

This short historical review shows one thing quite clearly. The main contributing factor on the African's side to the unrest in Kenya is his poverty, and to this Europeans are apparently blind. The hardest hit on this question of land are the Kikuyu. It was in the country of this tribe that the European settler decided to make his permanent home and developed his farm land—the well-known White Highlands. Consequently, Kikuyu-land became the hotbed of activity of the Mau Mau society.

During the 1920's the Kikuyu tribe began to show signs of unrest and dissatisfaction as to the way land had been acquired all around them by the Europeans. The Carter Commission of the early 1930's settled the disputes which had so arisen between the newcomer and the native by delimiting the land the two sections of Kenya's population would each lawfully occupy. The Kikuyu population, however, had rocketed up so rapidly that there was evident growing land congestion in the Kikuyu Native Reserve. The surplus began to move into towns; some went to live in the European farms as squatters and even women and children were compelled by circumstances to become farm laborers in order to keep alive. In 1950, there were 81,000 African women and children working on the European farms.

The Kikuyu political associations began to send memorandum

after memorandum to the government on the question of shortage of land. But the government seemed to be satisfied that the solution reached by the Crown Land Ordinance and the Native Land Trust Ordinance of 1938 was the best settlement possible. It is important to remember that the African, even now, depends to a very large extent on what the land can offer; he must supplement the meager salary he earns for his ordinary work by produce from his small holdings. Take away his land, and he is sure to starve and go about poorly clothed.

The Kikuyu then began to think that they would only prosper and live in peace if the European left the land alone. Some went as far as thinking that the eviction of Europeans was the only real answer to this problem. It was an extremist view. Politicans also began thinking of self-government and a stronger African voice in the government of the country. These cold and hungry people looked up to the Church for a solution—but they found none to their liking. Then land, Europeans, Christianity, and Government, became so muddled up within their minds that the extremist view which had been held by only a few violent people began to gain ground.

More and more people began stealing from the farms and shops of the immigrant race. This was bad enough as it was, but a more dangerous spirit was creeping in—the spirit of retribution. "If you can't get at the land of a European, get his goods. You will then be fighting for your fellow African men." Crime was being justified as a means to an end, and as a heroic deed.

The crime wave in Kenya had begun. In 1949, the total recurrent expenditure for police and prisons was £908,142; this past year the estimates have shot up to £1,428,817. In spite of "deterrent" court sentences, this crime wave has gathered more and more momentum. The police have been quite unequal to the task of stemming the tide. This was the time for Mau Mau to come into the open.

At first, only a few scattered reports came from outlying European farms and homes. A house burned down here, a burglary occurred there; a lonely European traveller was attacked at one corner of the colony; cattle were stolen from another remote corner. Then the Mau Mau activities became more bold; from a sneaking anti-European secret society, Mau Mau became a virulent and violent organization. Arson, housebreaking, physical mayhem, intimidation, terrorism, and

even murder, became the order of the day. The situation became horrible—European cattle were being mangled and cut up alive, horses were burned in their stables, women and children in their houses.

A more disquieting aspect of this state of affairs was revealed. It became known that large numbers of the Kikuyu tribesmen were taking the Mau Mau oath which put the oath-taker under a pledge of reporting nothing to the police. But these activities did not stop here; reports came in stating that members of the organization were often being recruited by force. And as one observer said, "Once the oath is taken, it is a brave Kikuyu who can overcome his superstitious dread."

Not only Europeans were being attacked, or their property destroyed in their absence, but any African helping the government (and therefore, Europeans) in trying to stop the unrest was also maltreated in the same wise. Chiefs, headmen in lonely locations, government servants, police witnesses, were all attacked. In the face of all this, the ordinary peaceful African and other citizens became terrified. Insecurity and hopelessness crept upon them

The Mau Mau exerted its influence in another direction. It became harshly anti-Christian. Many Christian Kikuyu came under constant persecution. Churches were desecrated, teachers and preachers were attacked. Christianity was identified with Europeans and as such had to go, just as Europeans had to go.

This cyclone of suspicion, hatred, and intense feeling, spread throughout the Central Province of Kenya, the Kikuyu-land. And just like any other cyclone, it did not stop at its place or origin. It spilled over the boundaries of Kikuyu-land, and its repercussions were felt in the Rift Valley Province and Masai District. On the western side of Central Province, the Mau Mau adherents broke through to lose themselves in the lonely hills and forests of the Aberdares and the country round about; on the northern side, hordes of Kikuyu tribesmen slowly ascended Mount Kenya and its outskirts; on the southern side, they crossed the border to wander at large in the wilds of Masailands. A report came from Tanganyika that signs of Mau Mau activities had even been found there.

To see a Kikuyu young man became a rare occurrence. As soon as a foreigner, or the police, or the military were sighted young men would melt away into the woods. Oath-taking ceremonies were now

being held in the open and in daylight, and some Mau Mau adherents had the impudence to hold these ceremonies within a few yards of the police station. The Kikuyu country had transformed itself into one big bonfire of hostility, suffering and evil presence.

Many people began to sit up and look the situation in the face. No doubt most of them arrived at the conclusion that such highly focussed hatred on one community of the Colony must be directed by one or more persons. And when Sir Evelyn Baring, Kenya's Governor, broadcasting news of the Emergency Regulations said, "There is a pattern in the acts of violence, and there can be no such pattern unless someone has made such a plan," he spoke what was in many minds in Kenya. A government representative is reported to have gone a bit farther than the Governor and said, "There is no doubt that members of the Mau Mau regard Jomo Kenyatta as their leading spirit." Whether this can be substantiated or not remains to be seen.

* * *

All the time this atmosphere was rapidly becoming gloomier and more stormy, the government was not just sitting back and waiting for events to take their course. Late in August, 1952, Night Courts were installed in Nairobi and sat from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. on weekdays, and on Saturdays from 8 p.m. to midnight, in order to "dispense justice swiftly." But the government came face to face with several practical difficulties.

The nature of the Mau Mau movement was only vaguely known, the power and strength of the organization was incomprehensible, and a Mau Mau adherent seemed a dangerous person to be mixed up with. Worse still, the ordinary African folk became too terrified to report anything to the police. In the meantime, desperadoes and daredevils by the dozens were joining the ranks of the secret society daily. The government, however, had to take firm action of some kind.

The police were provided with an armored car squadron; they also kept in constant readiness an air reserve. These provisions were made in August. By October, the police had gone under such a reorganization that they started one of the most sweeping and thorough campaigns that the history of Africa has witnessed. Operation Jock Scott, as it became known—was under way; it arrested and detained any Africans whom they had reason to suspect were the cause of disorder and incitement. Within the space of a few days they had

arrested 104 African political leaders (including Jomo Kenyatta,[1] President of the Kenya African Union) in Central Province. By the end of October), and with the help of the armed forces, 3,600 Africans had been rounded up and detained.

Law and order was again being restored in another direction. Towards the end of August, a government communiqué said:

> As a result of this irresponsible attitude, there has been evidence of growing unrest and disregard for law and order. The government cannot and will not tolerate a continuance of this state of affairs, and will use every means at its disposal to enforce respect for law, so that all responsible citizens of all races may go about their business without fear.

A curfew was imposed in the districts of Nyeri, Nanyuki and Fort Hall in order to stop the movement of arson gangs during the night. But still tension mounted higher and higher and violence sharply increased.

On October 21, Kenya's Chief Secretary, Mr. H. S. Potter, announced in the Legislative Council the proclamation of a state of emergency in the Colony. The Emergency Regulations provided for the right of the police to detain any persons "for the purpose of maintaining order," for detaining suspicious characters, for detaining persons likely to cause sedition or mutiny or "impeding essential services"; meetings or processions of "any description" likely to provide disorder were stopped; publication of alarming reports was prohibited; and restrictions of movement and possession of firearms were imposed. On the eve of the enforcement of these regulations, the Governor of Kenya broadcast a speech in which he said:

> This grave step was taken most unwillingly. . . . But there was no alternative in the face of mounting lawlessness, violence, and disorder in a part of the Colony. This state of affairs has developed as a result of the Mau Mau movement.

Simultaneously with these new developments came the news that the Twenty-first Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, stationed in Geneifa, had flown from the Canal Zone and had arrived in Kenya to

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[1]Jomo (Burning Spear) Kenyatta, after a trial of 58 days, was found guilty of organizing the Mau Mau and given a seven-year prison sentence April 8. The Associated Press dispatch of that date notes, "In 1932 he went to Moscow, where he remained two years studying at Moscow University. He lived in a place furnished by the Communist International."

protect Europeans and other lawful citizens. News also came that the cruiser H.M.S. Kenya was Mombasa bound in readiness for any orders. The Fourth (Uganda) Battalion of the King's African Rifles had also reached Kenya. One company of a Tanganyika battalion, it was learned, had disembarked at Mombassa and was proceeding to the danger area. Another company had left Dar-es-Salaam (in Tanganyika) by air and was expected in Nairobi soon. The Kenya regiment was called out by proclamation. The police had also increased its strength by 993 men, and was receiving more volunteers. Kenya had indeed developed into a battlefield of passions on the one hand and enforcement of long-lost law and order on the other.

* * *

Kenya, the land of sunshine, Kenya the land of bewitching African moonlight, had sunk into a land of hopeless recklessness. Strange rites of a past age were reverted to, ugly feelings came to the surface, and from all this murk and chaos Kenya was expected to raise itself bravely once more. But she cannot do so unless and until she comes to view the causes of the disturbances in a clear perspective.

The principal cause of the widespread unrest is—land-hunger. Some 3,000 white settlers are occupying 16,000 square miles or 5 per cent of the richest land in Kenya, whereas 5½ million blackmen have to live on only 50,000 square miles. The African is very largely dependent on the crops from his land, but still employs age-old cultivation methods. The population of the Africans is also increasing at an alarming rate. In 1935, the African population was estimated at about three millions; in 1948, a census showed the population to have increased to 5½ millions. As a result, there has been an ardent cry for more land for Africans.

Even more striking is the condition in Central Province, where the present unrest in Kenya is fiercest. In the Kiambu district, for example, the density of African population per square mile is 420, whereas that of the European population is barely 12. Again, in the Fort Hall district, for every European living in one square mile of land there are no less than 630 Africans. Farther still, the greater part of Kikuyu-land has been reserved for the white man's use. It seemed to the African then that "the white settlement," as Miss Rita Hinden, Secretary of the Fabian Colonial Bureau, has aptly said, "has meant

special safeguards for their (Europeans') security and protection, as a privileged island in the midst of an overwhelming black sea."

That is the Kikuyu's case.

On the other side, the European settler has felt insecure for the future of the land he had so rightly acquired—or so he thought. The growing African population might swamp him. The Colonial Office, moreover, did not seem to see eye to eye with him in this matter. An article in the *East African Broadsheet* which appeared early this year presents this point of view remarkably well. "The apparent eagerness of Whitehall in recent years to satisfy African political aspirations prematurely," it said, "has led to a widespread feeling that the white man enjoys slender security of tenure where the Colonial Office controls his destiny." Even more pointed was the declaration of Lord Delamere, during his candidature for the representation of the Alberdare constituency in the Legislative Council this year, when he asserted: "Just as Native Reserves *must remain in their present extent for all time* (my italics) so must the White Highlands as they now stand be definitely pledged forever to European settlement."

Such feelings on both sides inevitably led to the first hesitant skirmishes. It only needed a few more difficulties thrown in for it to develop into a widespread struggle.

Another contributory factor has been the general low level of African salaries. The basic minimum salary of an African is £2-8 a month. In the face of the very high cost of living, the African was not given a fair chance to lead a normal decent life. He became desperate. And it is not difficult to imagine that he would be tempted to crime.

Hand in hand with the problem of the high cost of living came the problem of shortage of housing in urban areas. In Nairobi alone, a city of 32 square miles, 10,000 Africans (out of an African population of 80,000) were nightly bedless. Homeless, poorly fed, and scantily dressed, it is no wonder that sixty-five per cent of the crimes investigated this year were committed within or in the neighborhood of Nairobi.

Land-hunger, low pay, and shortage of housing accommodation—all three demonstrated unmistakably one thing: the African was suffering under the yoke of stark poverty. Something had indeed been done in the way of teaching him better methods of tilling the land and keeping domesticated animals. But what had been done in this

way was at best only a trickle, and no doubt the suspicions with which the African masses regarded these "intrusions" retarded more rapid progress. However that may be, agricultural methods employed by the African yielded little more than would support a hand-to-mouth existence.

Poverty and ignorance combined did more to make the situation acute. While European and Indian children were benefiting by the system of compulsory education, the Africans had no such corresponding system. The result is that only a small fraction of the African community has a secondary or college education. Many children have been unable to attend school because of poverty. When such a poverty-stricken lot of people once gets hold of the idea that they can get something by force that they have been denied by peaceful means, their ignorance only serves to spur them on. They become possessed of the idea that force is the only answer and their savior. So Mau Mau came into being.

Once the smell of battle was in the air, other factors came into play. Ideas of nationalism grew: "Africa for Africans," "Kenya for Kenya Africans." Passions began to smoulder. Manners on both sides became hostile and provocative. And, unfortunately, even the police did some things which helped to make the situation impossible. In August of last year, *Baraza*, a most moderate paper published for the African reading public reported:

> Allegations have been made to Baraza that on occasions the police have beaten up people they were arresting. Some of them, it is alleged, have been repeatedly struck with rifles, and blood has been drawn. . . . Descriptions of women being savagely kicked have reached us.

Such behavior has fanned Africans' hate for the police. And this gradually passed into a general disregard for law and order.The way had been paved for the Mau Mau organization.

* * *

What was the attitude of the Kenya Europeans towards all this discontent and ominous unrest? We have sampled a few typical attitudes assumed by them. The majority are quite certain that they have every right to make their home in a country which their pioneer fathers had done so much to develop and guide through many perilous

years. From the *East Africa and Rhodesia* of March 20, 1952, we quote the following:

> It was the Christian doctrine of a God of love which impelled His followers to carry the Gospel at the risk of their lives to people who were savage in every sense of the word. Far from spending their life among fellow-worshippers, the new-comers were surrounded by the degradations of witchcraft and human sacrifice, and all manner of depravities—which were abolished only by the establishment of law and order by the Europeans who are now so frequently reviled by white and black extremists alike.

This is a characteristic attitude.

Though most of the white settlers have had such feelings, many Europeans have maintained other views. They talk of harmony between all races and all colors as something to be coveted, and they speak of closer cooperation. Mr. Derek Erskine has said:

> Do you believe that white settlers in Kenya can achieve self-government on their own—shake off the last vestiges of control from Britain and dominate over Africans and Asians? Such a notion is puerile poppy-cock. Apart from being impracticable and unworkable it contravenes Christian ethics, British ideas of liberty and fair play, and international agreements such as the Atlantic Charter.

Such persons have been sorry for the African masses on whose passions the "African demagogues, European and Indian mischief-makers," and "sensation-mongering newspapers," have all played their most strident tunes.

Europeans felt insecure, but African politicians felt far more insecurity and apprehension for their black brothers. The Kenya African Union, the largest African political society in Kenya, wrote several memoranda and made several representations to the government or Colonial Office representatives from London, from time to time. When Mr. Moiyu Koirange, an eminent Kenya African, said, "Africans received Europeans with such hospitality that eventually there was not enough land for Africans," it was not the first time that words to that effect had been spoken.

At long last, however, the Kenya African Union sent a two-man deputation to Europe towards the end of last year. The K.A.U. demand for the total repeal of the Crown Lands Ordinance "received short shrift" from Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Minister of State for Colonial

Affairs. Below is an official statement from the Colonial Office in London:

> On the question of land, the delegates demanded the removal of the Crown Land Ordinance, 1938, which, they claimed, denied the African security of land tenure and the right of ownership of land. The delegates stated that Africans felt that any form of cooperation between Africans and Europeans must begin with security of land tenure together with full control by the African local governments on behalf of the people. They added that Africans had never accepted or participated in the general land settlement which followed the Carter Commission Report. . . .
>
> Mr. Lennox-Boyd replied that H.M.S. Government had no intention of seeking repeal of those two ordinances. They do not intend to go back on the land settlement reached in the past. . . . He added that he did not think that any constructive purpose would be served by seeking to alter arrangements made in the past.

The K.A.U. deputation was, therefore, repulsed here.

But the deputation had drawn up a petition, and with the help of the Congress of the Peoples Against Imperialism, under the presidency of Mr. Fennen Brockway, M.P., the petition was given assurance of obtaining at least 100,000 signatures affixed to it in Britain alone. In Kenya they expected 1,000,000 signatures, and more. The petition was taken before the Social and Economic Council of the UN. The deputation is still working in Great Britain.

The cry of African politicians in respect of the present unrest has constantly been, "Don't talk only of stamping out the disturbances by force of arms. Go down to the roots of the cause of unrest, and remove them once and for all." Other people, especially Christians, have taken a slightly different view, and have gone bravely forward "to fight the Mau Mau movement to the end." Nevertheless African opinion has been insistent on one point. It is quite clear that the white man has done immense work and invested much money to build Kenya to what it is now, in the way of prosperity. And even future European work and money will still be needed for a long time. But the African wonders, "Can't the white man bring his money and his equipment into Kenya, and give us the benefit of his work, without actually taking away our land? Must the appropriation of land be a condition for helping us along the road of progress?"

In what light, then, must the world regard the grave situation which has came to a head in Kenya? To all intents and purposes, it

appears that the Mau Mau movement resembles the Indonesian bandit movement, or the Fascist movement in England, or the Ku Klux Klan, or the Malayan Brotherhood. But if we regard it in that light we may fall into the error of disregarding the fundamental issues underneath all those bloody incidences and manifestations. True, the murders of Senior Chiefs Waruhiu and Nderi, and the physical injury inflicted on others, together with the damaging of public and personal property, has lost the African many friends and much sympathy, and has served to make his case appear hopeless and woebegone. But here we must halt. We must take stock of the factors that have led to such a state of affairs.

At the same time, nobody can approve of the methods Mau Mau has employed to satisfy the needs of the Africans. Violence and democracy are diametrically opposed to each other. At this point, we are reminded of what Sir Evelyn Baring, the Governor of Kenya, said recently:

> Kenya is a country with many and peculiarly complex problems. It is understandable that many people in this country nurse grievances, but it is wrong that they should attempt to remedy these grievances by force and by secret plotting against society and the state.

Patience and goodwill are required on both sides. It is only then that real cooperation can be expected to turn the recent bitter events back to a happier course. An encouraging event has been the recent tour of the Colonial Secretary throughout the Colony to have first-hand knowledge of the Kenya problem. Another heartening sign has been the announcement of a Royal Commission to East Africa, with Sir Hugh Dow as its chairman. What they will find out, and what they will do about what they have found, remains to be seen.

In a small country, hardly the size of New York State, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, British democracy is undergoing its toughest test in recent years. Shall the dark developments threatening Kenya be dismissed as a result of only a momentary slipping away from the straight path of liberty and freedom? Or shall the world be forced to say that this democracy has got both its feet firmly planted in thin air?

Aunt

By HAROLD WITT

Terribly, time is an aunt whose liver leaks,
arthritic also, wrinkling in a chair.
Against the insisted queer crochet
she sits and does not speak, her dyed black hair
curled tight against her scalp unspeakably white.

But tries at times, her mangled words are only
small talk of television and the sun
"It cracks the varnish so, slanting that way—"

Though June, the Christmas candy, the cut glass cologne
stale and still stoppered stand on the table there;
packs of flyspecked cards called "Bicycle"
and Peter's rack of pipes, also displayed.

And painted plates—bluebirds pecking apricots—
cups and curled dishes behind the bulging glass.
This was a life, this and the owned lots,
the stocks, the bank account, the permanent pass—
"Air conditioning chills me so we never go."

Remote red cliffs are hers, the very polkadots
on Mexicans' bandanas who wipe sweat and swear
between her round well-kept rows of orange trees.
"When Papa was alive—" The freckled claw
tugs at the cameo; a girl carved
in pale chalcedony smiles, as if at her.

HAROLD WITT won a Hopwood Award for poetry in 1947, has published poems in a number of magazines and anthologies at home and abroad. At present he is studying librarianship at the University of California.

Bedtime Tales

By JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

Mother and son
live side by side.
Long, long ago
she stretched out wide
her flaring skirt
so he might hide.

Forty years
he has been here
with his one love
always near,
with the small
boy's teacup cheer.

Neighbors read
fairytale lore.
Children, though
they beg for more,
never know
the witch next door.

Author of *The Stubborn Root* (University of Nebraska Press), JOSEPH JOEL KEITH has published his poems far and wide.

Books - - - -

SCIENCE, YES — FICTION, MAYBE

The process by which popular art is housebroken, domesticated, and taken in as a respectable member of the cultural family is a familiar one. It begins with one or two artists discovering, perhaps by accident, something of value in fields usually left to the public, beyond the range of analysis, apart from the life of the mind. It may be Gide announcing, with gratified astonishment, that both he and the people have found, in Chaplin, someone they can all appreciate. Movies, primitive art, Pogo, Barnaby, even, God help us, television — there's plenty of good hunting in strange pastures for anyone on the lookout with a sharp, unpatronizing eye.

But from these honest beginnings, the jump is all too short, for the athletic camp-followers of the arts, to the next stage, the all-embracing, I-Love-Everything attitude. These advance men of the intellectual underground are only too eager to blow up their own ivory towers and give the lie to the Hillyers and Fadimans. "Irresponsible, are we?" they cry, with much rending of well-tailored garments. "We don't love the people, know them, feel for them, share their pleasures? We'll show you!" Comes then a wholesale immersion in popular culture, a cleansing bath in every mass medium, washing away the sins of pride and apathy in one passionate gesture of acceptance and identification. Getting the nod from the Master, French critics discover James M. Cain and Horace McCoy as true diviners of the contaminated bloodstream of American life. The people who used to go to burlesque shows to pay homage to Bozo Snyder and other folk heroes now sit home, pipe in hand, plotting the trajectory of Red Skelton's pratfalls. With Bunk Johnson safely canonized, they stand just outside the sacred precincts, waiting the final word to escort Charlie Parker inside, to a fanfare of alto saxes.

For all the ardor with which they take the plunge, they are subject, now and then, to small, pricking doubts, nasty voices telling them that Cain is, after all, not a very good writer, and that even Duke Ellington has to make a living. To explain this disconcerting absence of artistry in a good deal of what passes for popular art, they've devised a neat gambit. Swinging away from the minute textual analysis of the New Critics, the approach here is to go outside the work and consider everything but the text—its audience,

its place in society, the neurotic drives that make it accepted. By this theory, anything that appeals to a mass audience strongly enough to influence its taste and shape its standards is Popular Art. Popular Art is Guy Mitchell, Martin and Lewis, Mickey Spillane, Leroy Anderson, and the Esquire Girl. The next step may be an Untermeyer-edited annual selection of the best comic books.

The latest medium to get this treatment and suffer from its confusion of sociological and aesthetic judgments is science-fiction. The form has had more than its share of fatherly pats on the back for coming of age and leaving behind the Bug-Eyed Monsters and imperilled damsels in chiffon undies. The belief is that science-fiction, by outgrowing these crude beginnings and tackling serious themes for an ever-growing audience is now in a position to make a real contribution to the mainstream of current writing. Where this theory goes off-course is in its assumption that quantity automatically guarantees diversity, that the mere volume of work being done in the field assures a varied, vigorous, creative output. Partisans of science-fiction point to Ray Bradbury, Theodore Sturgeon, and Fredric Brown, among others—good writers with something individual in their approach. What they overlook is that these writers, a small handful out of hundreds in the field, give the form what distinction it has single-handed, carrying on their backs the copyists, the hacks, the sensation-mongers and all the rest. Instead of standing alone, on their merits, the demands of the market force them to serve as focal points for swarms of lesser talents. So we have "schools," fashions, ever-widening galaxies, with only a few genuine talents to keep them whirling. The originals need no apology or defense. What does need taking down is the attempt to swell up the medium to proportions its performance doesn't warrant. As a mental exercise, a better game than Parcheesi, entertainment in which the reader's feelings are hardly involved, science-fiction serves a worth-while purpose. There's nothing wrong with playing games. But when Christopher Isherwood and others hail it for blazing new trails, tearing down old pretensions, and revitalizing our ways of thinking, it's time to see how well it lives up to all the claims made for it.

The big talking point with the science-fiction enthusiasts is its willingness to grapple with ideas, taking grand concepts as a matter of course. There is something to be said for writing that can look beyond the freckled noses of sensitive adolescents to larger concerns of the birth and death of planets. What stops the general, nonaddicted reader is the feeling he gets from most of these stories that their authors look at ideas as things in themselves,

having a life of their own apart from anything mere people can do. There's very little feeling for the idea as a literary element, something to give point and direction to the characters who should be the story's focus. We sense, too, that the idea has become a panacea, a cure-all for every debility of fiction, whose chief concern is with people and their unpatterned, unpredictable behavior. Get the idea, and the story seems to write itself. Many of them give just that impression. The dialogue may be commonplace, the exposition clumsy, and the characters identifiable only by their names, yet the idea is there, to be developed logically, with no nonsense about shading and overtones, and there's your story.

You feel, even in the best of these stories, that for all their preoccupation with humanity, human beings are getting short shrift. But that's just the idea, it's argued. Science-fiction is fundamentally humane in that it protests the mechanization of man, holds aloft his flaming spirit against the encroachments of the robot, the spaceman, the nonhuman. The dehumanization of men is a real threat in our world and science-fiction does speak out against it. This is a worthwhile aim, in theory, but considerably watered down when it comes to its embodiment in science-fiction. Where it falls down, seeming glib and hollow, is in the people whose mechanization is being protested. Where a book like *1984* gives us real human beings with feelings that can be outraged and degraded, most of the heroes and heroines of science-fiction are so much alike, so indifferently characterized and so faceless to begin with that no amount of degradation makes much difference. And this is done, not by design, but because their creators just don't write very well. With a world of possible heroes, men who destroy their own world every day of their lives and live in an emotional climate as cheerless and bare as Saturn, this concentration on the wholesale and impersonal destruction of the world seems strangely pointless.

Because the small catastrophes of living give way, in science-fiction to an abstract and colorless imperilling of life, there's little room for gradations of feeling or for any view of life that falls between the cataclysmic and the visionary. And because the viewpoint is so often one of extremes, either of horror or hope, the tone is, just as often, drab, flat, and uniform—Poe's singleness of effect carried to fantastic lengths. The emotional keyboard seems to consist of one note, mercilessly pounded home all through the story—the scream of terror, the leering snicker, or the steady cerebral hum of the "thoughtful" story. This limited range is partly due to the rigidity of the market itself, but to a greater extent it comes from a deliberate sloughing off of the feeling for people that has sustained literature for centuries, even literature as plotless as poetry

or as "formless" as *Tom Jones*. Of course it's difficult to write about things the writer can never have experienced; there's nothing to go on. But to consciously jettison the entire racial memory of how people act in favor of a rigidly plotted, bloodless hypothesis of how they'll act in the future is to give up a great deal for the sake of something that hasn't so far proved itself of greater, or even equal value. To construct a world in the mind, and make it live on paper seems to be a prodigious feat of the imagination. But most writers of science-fiction forget what Lewis Carroll, Rabelais, and Walt Kelly have always kept in mind. Imagination is a sporty girl, full of life, not a slew-footed, slow-witted bag of bones who needs Science to take her by the hand and explain her odd behavior.

In spite of its insularity, its conformity to its own standards, science-fiction is not, as some of its supporters claim, something unique, a new kind of writing. It has a disquieting kinship to two very dissimilar kinds of literature, neither of which have kept the vitality people once saw in them. In its view of people as creatures of their environment, science-fiction has close ties with the proletarian writing of twenty years ago, without engendering anything like the same sympathy for its heroes. A. E. van Vogt has by this time acquired a much wider audience than Mike Gold ever had, but the bond is there. People victimized by a callous, tooth-and-claw society they didn't make have their counterpart in the victims of interstellar carnage and overweening governments. And in its reaching for still higher levels of abstract thought, its eagerness to make every flight into space an ascent to the upper reaches of scientific theory, science-fiction of the more serious persuasions has become as esoteric and incomprehensible to the layman as modern poetry ever was. In the poetry there was, at least in theory, everything in the poem itself to reveal its meaning to anyone patient enough and interested enough to go after it. Science-fiction, on the other hand, in some of its more abstruse productions requires a reader with infinite patience, unflagging interest, and ready access to a short course in quantum mechanics.

Science-fiction is here to stay, at least until the advances of science make it nothing but realistic reporting. It can't be ignored, and it can be appreciated. What it has accomplished is worth a good deal: getting a mass audience to accept ideas along with its thrills, widening the range of the big slicks it's managed to invade, and letting a few good writers make a good living from writing. But there's too much of it (as there is of any kind of writing), too much interest in science-fiction just because it is science-fiction, creating a constant, not very critical demand that will always outrun the available supply of good

work. We don't need more clubs, or fan magazines, or anthologies, or even more writers. What we do need is writers worth reading for what they can do with people, with language, and with ideas, rather than because they've chosen a popular medium to write in.

Unless the artificial support of a ready-made audience, limited in taste, if not in size, is taken away, the good writers of science-fiction won't be able to stand on their merits and do all they're capable of doing, regardless of labels. Until that happens, we'll continue to get writing that only provides, whatever its intentions, an easy kind of escape for both readers and writers. For the reader, the situation is similar to one in Alfred Coppel's impressive story, "Mother." Like the hero, who finds in the space ship a second womb he never wants to leave, the dedicated reader of science-fiction can find in it a warm, friendly, protective medium, sealed off from any contact with writing that isn't neat, logical, and conscious of imminent doom. The writer who can do more, but doesn't, for fear of going against his public, his publishers, or his own preconceived standards of what's worth writing about, presents an even more discouraging picture of escape. For what can be sadder than a writer, who, by casting aside whole areas of human experience, tries to escape the demands of writing?

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THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

Report on Southern Africa. By Basil Davidson. Jonathan Cape, 1952. 16 s.

The Peoples and Policies of South Africa. By Leo Marquard. Oxford University Press, 1952. $3.50.

The Choice Before South Africa. By E. S. Sachs. Philosophical Library, 1952. $5.75.

Racial Separation in South Africa. By Eugene P. Dvorin. The University of Chicago Press, 1952. $4.50.

The four books under review are symptomatic of a world-wide interest in Africa that has been almost exactly three hundred years in developing. But now many western observers believe with Solly Sachs that "the Nationalist Government has destroyed all safety valves—an explosion is inevitable." And so, naturally, we stand by to enjoy the pyrotechnics. While waiting for the big event, we are titillated by the press whose coverage is an index of the size of things to come. Mellifluous prose from the land of Luce says: "Kenya . . . has become a smoldering ember in Africa. And the surrounding brush, vast, white-run, black-

populated, miles of it, is tinder-dry." In our corn hinterlands, the Rev. Charles O'Connor writes the *Des Moines Register* to announce that "Colonialism has been the greatest disseminator of Christian civilization [and] that it is hard to reconcile Africa's aspirations with the purpose of the U.N." In muddier prose he seems to be supporting the "furor Malanicus" as Davidson calls it. And of course, the good gray *Times* reports on the dog-wagging white South African tail almost daily.

It would be wrong to imply, however, that this is merely a spectator sport. Mr. Dvorin points out that there were eighty-six million U.S. dollars invested in South Africa in 1943—a figure which has almost doubled in the last decade. "In 1951," he says, "large American loans were made to the Rhodesians on condition of repayment in strategic war materials; lively U.S. interest was expressed in the prospects of federation." Furthermore it's clear that from Gold Coast to Canal, from Cape to Kenya (about which Mr. Malcolm Davies writes so delicately elsewhere in this issue of the *Antioch Review*) Africa may become involved in ideological and military struggles that necessarily involve us.

But we must deal here specifically with South Africa; and with four writers who analyze, plead and recommend. In a sense, these books are not comparable. Mr. Sachs makes a passionate, partisan plea for a democratic South Africa from the standpoint of a union leader. He is a speechmaker, not slow in the imputation of motives; or in descrying and taking up the gauntlet flung down by Nationalists or merchants in gold or diamonds. Although expelled from the Communist Party in 1932, Mr. Sachs apparently still finds it difficult to regard the totalitarianism of the USSR with the same enthusiastic contempt he feels for Nazi Germany and Czarist Russia. For example: "And if they [the Indians] will not get out, cruel methods will be used to make life more intolerable for them—the methods of the Russian Czars and of the Nazis—the pogrom." Nevertheless, in much that he says—and this is borne out by the other authors—Sachs is the authentic voice of African protest.

Like Sachs, Marquard is a South African. If, as the Nationalists claim, adverse criticism is the result of "uitlander" ignorance of the unique problems of the Union, a different explanation must be found for the adverse appraisal of these two natives. Marquard comes from the Orange Free State which, Dvorin points out, "has been . . . the home of many prominent Nationalist party leaders, and seems . . . to represent, in its characteristic rural life, the essence of Voortrekker [i.e., the views of the Boer pioneers] on non-European affairs." It is perhaps on this account that Marquard is able to convey a real understanding, if not a sympathy for the fears and futilities of the Boer-Nationalist-Dutch Reformed Church

orientation. His writing is lucid and thoughtful. As an overview of the situation—an overview set in the context of a beautiful resumé of South African history—Marquard's book is indubitably the best of the four.

All current books on Africa attempt to be informative; and indeed the implication that people need to be informed is correct. For the "uitlander" is typically ignorant of a critical area passing through critical times. Basil Davidson is an outsider and a reporter. He tries to convey to his fellow aliens his premonition of abrupt catastrophe, symbolized by the brown currents of the Zambezi River which suddenly erupt in "the smoke that thunders," Victoria Falls. He is also an editor. Although not as hortatory as Sachs, he jousts against evil with will and conviction. Finally, he covers the financial page, agriculture, and public welfare. In this last capacity he is at least no less readable than the pages customarily devoted to these topics in the daily press. Davidson's is a good book, and an honest one; but lacking in the perceptive depth that distinguishes the native Marquard's work. Both books —and I think this is not a trivial detail—thoughtfully help the reader place the current crisis in its time-space context. For the geographic illiterates of the western world, books on Africa should have maps. These two do. They also provide historical background: Marquard through an excellent introductory chapter; and Davidson with his list of significant dates.

Dvorin's book concentrates specifically upon the policy of apartheid, that is, segregation. But since this issue runs like a central thread through the other works, the distinction is one of degree, of focus. This work carries all the scholarly impedimenta: copious footnotes, bibliography and references. It has the flavor of a doctoral dissertation modified for "popular" consumption. The writer has an unwieldly style and an unfortunate predilection for the passive voice. The hardy reader will find here a mass of data on the segregation policy in South Africa. But also, to borrow the writer's words, "vigorous dissentient voices [will] let themselves be heard" . . . about an awkwardness of style which is "hardly capable of being exaggerated."

* * *

As one might expect, books about South Africa have a common theme —and this would be so, even were they written from the Nationalist viewpoint. The theme is well put by Davidson. "The forces in play are out of hand: the sorcerer's apprentice is beginning to lose his nerve. 'Herr, die Not ist gross! Die Ich rief, die Geister, werd Ich nun nicht los. . . .' " The story of South Africa since 1652 is an unfinished equation written through time. Each factor in the complicated past increases the complexity of the other side of the equation—the side which must be developed to

establish an equilibrium or, in normative terms, equity. When Dr. Malan declared that "the government [is] not going to be bound by the dead hand of the past . . ." (referring to the entrenched constitutional clauses protecting the suffrage rights of the Colored, as the cross-breeds are called) he was talking arrant nonsense. It is precisely the crescive increments of past error to which he is bound; although the errors are not of the type this theocrat imagines. And since he misconceives the nature of the error, his pathetic policy of apartheid—enforced by a legislative majority which received an electoral minority—will not solve the problem.

Indeed, reading these books must convey an overwhelming sense of the futility of current European policy in South Africa. The "solutions" supported by most of the twenty per cent of the population who are English- or Afrikaans-speaking are wildly hopeless. Consider, for example, the program for reviving tribal culture and education. This "solution" is to be instituted at the same time that gold and diamond mines and a growing industry require more cheap labor than ever before. The extension of the Reserves for Africans is practically completed with *thirteen* per cent of the land—generally the poorer land—available to *seventy-five* per cent of the population. The revival of tribalism is suggested at a time when the taxing system and the pattern of labor recruitment operate toward an exactly contrary outcome. Cecil Rhodes contrived the so-called Glen Gray Act of 1894. Under this act, African males had to pay a labor tax of ten shillings per year unless they could prove that during three months of each year they had been in service or employment *beyond the boundaries of the native reserve*. Thus the Africans have been driven or induced to leave tribe for town, from Kenya to the Cape, to learn rebellion. From the Europeans' point of view, there has always been a shortage of labor. The census of 1946 in Nyasaland revealed that, of 185,000 wage earners, 120,000 were employed *outside that country*. Is it likely, at this late date, that the events of the last 300 years can be reversed, that the African can be preserved, immune to western culture? Is it conceivable that the Europeans do not see the immense idiocy of the revival-of-tribalism policy? "I admit," said Dr. Diederichs, Nationalist MP, "that we do not have a hundred per cent solution. All we can hope to do is to stave them off, stave them off, for as long as we can—and bring in white immigrants in the meantime."

Consider the "solution" of apartheid. In the Cape Province Mr. Sachs' union embraces Afrikaaner, English-speaking, Colored and African. Industrialism demands a fairly marked degree of integration while Dr. Malan promotes apartheid in defense against the "rising tide of color." I doubt if many citizens of the Union could disagree with this

statement of Davidson's. "The white man in South Africa is dependent in almost every hour of his daily life upon the ministrations of the non-white: but these ministrations, far from mollifying the white man, have become a bondage which he knows no way of throwing off, which cramps his sense of freedom, and goes hand-in-hand with a glowing hatred." The policy of apartheid is a practicable one, according to Dr. Diederichs, because the Reserves (hardly to be compared with our Indian reservations) can absorb the Africans—so far these Reserves "are not being properly exploited." Yet in 1936, a White paper on land policy reported that "speaking generally," the Reserves were "congested, denuded, overstocked, eroded, and for the most part in a deplorable condition." In 1948, quoting from Davidson, the "Assistant Director of Native Agriculture remarked of conditions in the Ciskei Reserve that: 'Over perhaps ten per cent of the total area, the incidence of soil erosion may be described as slight; over fifty per cent as bad; over the balance, as nothing less than terrifying.'"

Consider the likelihood of inculcating a respect for the law when eighty per cent of the population bitterly resent the Pass Laws that restrict the free movement of Africans, the Registration Act, the Color Bar Act (reserving skilled occupations for Europeans), and the disregard for constitutional procedure evidenced by Malan.

Consider the feasibility of trying to run various public services by drawing, as far as possible, on only twenty per cent of the population.

Consider the aspiration of Union statesmen to achieve leadership in Africa south of the Sahara, while increasingly alienating the native peoples with a policy of apartheid.

Consider the paternalistic emphasis upon educating the African while simultaneously restricting the possibilities for using that education.

Consider the "solution" of Professor Cilliers of Stellenbosch University (principally a theological school associated with the Dutch Reformed Church): the South Africans—nearly eight millions of them—should be moved in a body north of the Limpopo river into Central Africa. Davidson remarks dryly, "a 'solution' which the Rhodesian settlers, struggling to make sense of their own version of the wish-dream, notably failed to appreciate."

Consider, in a period of nascent nationalism, with the examples of Burma, India and the Gold Coast before the Africans, the futility of arresting Mau Mau leader Mr. Jomo Kenyatta or Mr. Sachs; of imposing curfews, of hoping for effective apartheid or—in the long run—of maintaining white supremacy. This is a *dangerous* dream.

The purpose of political and economic color bars in South Africa is

to ensure that effective control remains with the Europeans. In that way, and in that way only, most Europeans believe, will the standards of Western civilization be maintained. It is a deep-rooted and genuine belief. *But the truth of the matter is that the more effective the present application of the colour bar is, the less likely is it to achieve its long-term objective. Western civilization cannot be maintained by denying rights, but only by extending them.*

This is Mr. Marquard of the Orange Free State summarizing for us the profound futility of current European policy.

* * *

It is easy to make like the gloomy Kaltenborn. Caught in the web of past errors it's difficult to find one's way out. Two important aspects of the problem are (1) what to propose and (2) how—including when—to effect the proposals.

As to the first, our authors have a number of specific recommendations, all of them, so far as I can see, unexceptionable. For example: abolishing the ineffectual Pass Laws; providing decent housing for urban Africans now dwelling in the "locations"; increasing land available for African occupation and gradual abolition of the Reserves; gradual abolition of the color bar in industry, with interim safeguards for European workers; extending education for Africans; gradual extension of the vote on a common roll as Africans acquire education, literacy and a knowledge of the issues; an intensive application of science and technology to the grievous problems of African agriculture; encouragement of industrial development; and reduction of rural overpopulation by deliberate urbanization of Africans, absorbing them progressively into new industry. None of these proposals is a solution in the sense that it can be painlessly applied; or that it is independent of the arrogance of the elect typified by the Nationalist brand of Aryanism.

Clearly none of these proposals will be forwarded under the present government. Dr. Malan and his friends are living in an intellectual isolation quite as profound as that of the Boer Voortrekkers of the hinterlands. Where Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, opines that no "constructive purposes would be served by seeking to alter arrangements made in the past." Dr. Malan seeks to re-enforce those past arrangements with increasingly repressive legislation. Gradually but consistently his government is re-enforcing white dominance and driving the European, perhaps unwittingly, toward "the smoke that thunders."

If none of these proposals will be realized through the Nationalist right, it seems equally certain that—so far as one can foresee—they will not come about through South African Communism. Those who think otherwise seem sometimes to forget that man is not like the lowly mule,

without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. Man lives in the stream of time, of cause and consequence. The stupidities of the past are visited unto the fourth generation—and beyond. He cannot, by an act of will or intellect reverse the past. To anticipate early political and economic equality-by-fiat is to disregard the facts of life.

On the contrary, if change is to come as come it will—and if it is not to come with carnage—then it will probably be by bits, by timid, *ad hoc* bits. Poor as it is, this is the best we may hope for—a slow but certain liberation of African mind and body. But even this is unlikely if, spurred by the last election, many of the sons of Britain ironically recapitulate the Boer trek northward. Only if they stay and undertake a political trek is there much hope. Even were they able to assemble an anti-apartheid bloc they would, while binding African wounds, cut open the old Boer-British ones.

South Africa's dilemma is precisely this. Her people, black and white, are caught between a past of entrenched inequality and the inexorable necessity of future equity. Unhappily, the pace toward an inevitable goal will not be fast enough: death and destruction will go with grudging change. For the spirits have gotten out of hand.

EVERETT K. WILSON

BOOK NOTES

Having read one of Mr. Steinbeck's recent works—an advertisement for Ballantine Ale—and heard this author mouth banalities in a motion picture devoted to O. Henry stories, I clearly feel that I have something better to do with my time than give any more of it to Mr. Steinbeck. The moon is down. There is something particularly offensive about his contribution to the literature of ale. It may be that he has a million-dollar debt, incurred in noble causes, to pay off. If so, I am just nosey enough to want to know more about this social accomplishment. I assume that literature can be something more than amusement, something more than a vicarious slopping off of frustrations; that one can estimate the flow of our writing, and how it adds or detracts from what we do in—and how we look to—the world, exactly the way one can evaluate the health or weakness of our politics as a whole, while pointing to individual instances of operation which are indicative of promising policies or wrong approaches. That Mr. Steinbeck has written useful, and even splendid, things, I would not deny. We have launched rather nobly-intended policies in our political affairs. Mr. Steinbeck has earned, and received, a good deal of attention as a presumably serious

writer and person. But it has been one of the dangerous and debilitating tendencies of our civilization that it has not known how to consolidate its successes: to level up standards on the basis of them. Success becomes a commodity which feeds the often shallower and even vicious mills of success. The process can be rationalized. Music hacks argue that when they introduce a good deal of Chopin music into a stupid film about Chopin, they are carrying good music to the masses. It seems to me, on the contrary, that they debase the musical coin they throw into the Hollywood hopper, and discourage, with their own "success," those who would like to think in more substantial musical terms. Authors have gone to Hollywood under the impression that the big, quick money would somehow "free" them to write really great fiction or drama. There is, of course, a question whether they ever had it to write. But their frustration, and feelings of guilt, have often been evident. Some of them have become patio-communists.

We have plenty of talent; we have too little of that faith and conviction which can permit us to stand out against the easy money, the whispered suggestion that we would be suckers to pass by opportunities that any American would be glad to take, and that will only cost us a little bit of self-respect and a belief that the public really wants the best. There are too few havens for those who wish neither to flatter nor be flattered. Mr. Steinbeck's apostrophe to Ballantine is not calculated to encourage dignity in American writing, or belief in its values and striking power; and though we can do without him, we can do much less without belief in the values of integrity. The present Book Notes deal with the problem of faith in democracy and—can they be separated?—self-respect. Let those concern themselves with Mr. Steinbeck who wish to; there is, nevertheless, such a thing as being intellectually insulted, even—perhaps particularly—by what is called a Big Shot.

We have need for dignity, meaning significance in its better sense; there are plenty of people who yearn to be envied and noticed. But dignity attends purpose. Compare Steinbeck's concern for brewery products with that of Walter Lowrey, in *Watch Night* (Scribner's, 1953, $3.50), or of Jefferson Young, in *A Good Man* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1953, $3). Such comparisons speak for themselves. I have no idea how many copies of these splendid novels will be sold. They are, however, moving and evocative in themselves, and windows on problems we can only avoid in uneasy slumber. Both authors are white Mississippians; Mr. Lowrey boasts six generations of stock native to the state. His novel is the more intense of the two—indeed, a brilliant and humbling sequence of events, seen through the

mind of a subtle Negro, Mississippi-bred, but, thanks to his Army service, well-travelled and educated in a select northern college. Despite what might be called (southern style) a well-behaved record, he has been drawn into attitudes which perplex him when he is confronted with a rape charge; one may join him in pondering them as he awaits electrocution. Mr. Young is more earthy and direct. His illiterate Negro protagonist wants no more than to paint his house white, an act of enterprise which outrages most of his white neighbors. Interestingly enough, not all. His master—Albert is a tenant farmer—has given him permission to paint the house, and supports his ambition. I wonder what Hodding Carter would say of either novel. Mr. Carter is a "southern liberal" who tells us that we must reconcile ourselves to an indefinite perspective of segregation, but assures us that Negro-white relations will nevertheless be friendly, helpful, mutually respectful, and so forth. One notes, also, that Mr. Lowrey is not now living in the South. It would seem very important that such views as he holds be furthered *in the South*, to amount to anything. There was a time, a century and a quarter back, when the anti-slavery movement was most vital in the South—a natural situation, since slavery was a southern condition. As the pro-slavery forces increased in strength, those opposing it found themselves squeezed out of the region. They went north. I am not suggesting that a similar movement is underway with respect to Negro rights; the balance of forces seems more enigmatic and profound. But our position in world affairs includes as desperate possibilities as did the impending domestic crisis of 1830-1860. Our colonial policy (internal, as well as external) will certainly help determine our failures and successes; and it would be cheering to learn that free speech on Negro questions has been gaining—and not losing—in our strategic southland.

However else one may characterize present times, it is surely wrong to term them a "new Middle Ages." That time constituted an age of faith; and whatever else ours is, it is surely not an age of faith, in the old sense, at least on our side of the fence. Peter Viereck centers his own faith in freedom and individual self-respect. He has been a whirlwind of satire, argument, and documentation in opposition to those who still, in furtive or Newspeak fashion, accept the Stalinist catechism. His collected articles on the subject, *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals* (Beacon Press, 1953, $4) throb with hatred of fascism and communism, and appeal to the reader to note that nothing separates the two. Will his book make fewer Communists, or immunize intellectuals against their blandishments? I am not sure that all Mr. Viereck's piety or wit can compete against the powerful fact of

economic good times, on the one hand, the need for something akin to faith, on the other. People do not, these days, in America, become Communists—or the same as Communists—because they are hungry and downtrodden. If anything, they become Communists because they are sated and dissatisfied. And will they be deterred by Mr. Viereck's demonstrations of Soviet cruelty and double-dealing, persuaded that there is a man-sized job to do in order (as someone says) to make democracy live? The point is, that it is easy, today, to be anti-Communist. The fields are being cleared of Communist growths with intellectual bulldozers and other heavy machinery. What vegetation have they left?

And what, I wonder, would Mr. Viereck make of a book by Scott Buchanan, sometime professor, philosopher, and mathematician, entitled *Essay in Politics* (Philosophical Library, 1953, $3.75)? Mr. Buchanan tells us that his book "was undertaken in a Socratic mood" resulting from meetings by "a few liberals" who met in 1947 to discuss their duties and responsibilities. He cites "the fact that the discussions led a majority to join the Progressive Citizens of America, and a smaller majority to join the Progressive Party under the leadership of Henry Wallace in 1948" as evidence "that the discussions were serious and consequential." Mr. Buchanan does not seem primarily concerned with Communism; apparently, his reading of Great Books (Toynbee, de Tocqueville, Marx, Bryce, Calhoun, and some others) has convinced him—the language is not always too clear—that we need new forms of political consent. Corporations are governments, which must be so recognized, and given federal republican forms of administration. Such "corporations" as Harvard and TVA are also considered in connection with our liberties and opportunities.

All of this may, or may not, be interesting. What is relevant is Mr. Buchanan's admiration for the achievements of the Soviet Union, which seem, he says, almost incredible to eye-witnesses. Are there negative aspects to the picture? Mr. Buchanan is impressed by the Webbs (another of his Great Books) who:

> are everywhere concerned to see if the aim of the Russian Communist Party, with which they have such deep sympathy, cannot be achieved under more favorable circumstances with more advanced technology, with greater experience in democratic politics and without the revolutionary stratagems, deceits, and violence *that were necessary* [italics added] in a country where long Czarist oppression, a large ignorant and miserable population, and the habits of violence and hero-worship have produced most of the horrors that are now associated by capitalistic countries with communism.

Mr. Buchanan seems to despise the old Nazi-Fascist-Japanese imperialist programs as retrogressive. If he would not actively support the Com-

munist Party—he deplores the repressive acts to which it has been subjected—he would certainly not hinder its operations. Who would wish to undertake to "teach" him better?

The problem of a democratic faith has not gone unregarded, with us. Why do those who give themselves to it come up with so little? Norman Cousins has, I suppose, been as earnest in pursuit of a positive program as any one among our intellectuals. I am not sure that Burton Rascoe has a point, in his October 8, 1951, article in the *Freeman* (a kind of right wing counterpart to the *New Leader*, and equally lively), in apparently demonstrating that Mr. Cousins makes a good thing, financially and every other way, of all his causes. What of his writings? A few years ago Mr. Cousins came forth with a slogan which stirred suburban Connecticut: modern man is obsolete. *Who Speaks for Man?* (Macmillan, 1953, $3.50) is a kind of expansion of the theme. Mr. Cousins describes the Bikini explosion, his idea being that we do not with sufficient vividness realize what the explosion of an A-bomb signifies. One of Mr. Cousins' skillful gambits of lectureship has been to recite the names of the bombed cities of World War II, in order to remind us of our own good fortune to date. He visits and revisits Hiroshima, talks to Thyssen and to concentration camp survivors in Germany, and to all manner of people in Pakistan and India, winding up in conversation with Nehru. His conclusions are that we must understand other civilizations, and be understood by them; that we need "An Ear to Go with the Voice"; and, of course, that we must adopt world federalism.

All this is so unexceptionable that one must ask what is wrong with it. Mr. Cousins, who is evidently thought to be a dreamer by some of his acquaintances, reminds us that he has had to meet payrolls for the *Saturday Review of Literature*, which he edits. One has an odd feeling that many world federalists are practical people in this sense; one meeting of them which I attended seemed evenly divided between business people and old age beneficiaries. The question is, what does world federalism impel people to *do*? Communists must further the establishment of Communist states. Business men must meet their payrolls. World federalists, apparently, need do little more than point to the senselessness of war, and to a "machinery" which will function more efficiently than does the UN. Is it entirely surprising that ordinary people in India and America prefer to go to the motion-pictures? Mr. Cousins is critical of our well-fed gangsters, in his sympathy for an eastern civilization which may lack our technological standards. How much insight does it take to denounce gangsters? Who will minister to the hunger and disease of Asia's—or, for that matter,

Europe's—millions? World federalism, in practice, seems a kind of safety valve for the feebly discontented, rather than a germinal force among strong contemporary forces. I may be wrong; here is a sample of Mr. Cousins' style, deemed powerful enough to print on the jacket:

> Belonging to a nation, man has nations that can speak for him. Belonging to a religion, man has religions that can speak for him. Belonging to an economic and social order, man has economic or political orders that can speak for him. But belonging to the human race, man is without a spokesman.

Faith and dignity are intangibles which nevertheless drive us and will continue to drive us. *The God that Failed* was a most apt title for the collection of memoirs which some fairly distinguished and disillusioned ex-Communists put out, several years back. Mr. Viereck has put one phase of the problem with his usual vivacity:

> When the average religious believer argues with the average pragmatist, in the last resort each uses the other's trump. As crowning argument, the pragmatist justifies pragmatism spiritually, the religious believer justifies religion pragmatically. Though anti-spiritual, the pragmatist argues that only he can save the values of the spirit: by smuggling them in the back door after banning them from the front door. Though anti-pragmatic, the religious believer argues that only religion can save our material bodies. . . .
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> All over America, at this very moment, hundreds of Deweyan instrumentalists are arguing heatedly with hundreds of neo-Thomist religious absolutists. Watch them parrying blow for blow, parrying "progress" against "original sin." Rapping the rapier of "self-expression" against the buckler of "soul." And each is shifting to the other's position, like a seesaw that moves and moves and moves and—gets nowhere. . . .

The matter stands somewhat differently with Corliss Lamont who, for some time now, has had an important announcement to make. With John Dewey's blessing, he has pilloried *The Illusion of Immortality* (Philosophical Library, 1950, $3.95), using a wide range of illustration, and giving close attention to human logic and psychology. Faith and dignity, he seems to conclude, are not dependent on outmoded fancies. If man does not have immortality to look forward to, he does have his mortality to contend with and enjoy. Nothing could be more precisely put. But Mr. Lamont is not entirely without faith—faith in his own reasoning capacities, and in *Soviet Civilization* (Philosophical Library, 1952, $5).

Remember that Mr. Lamont believes himself thoroughly informed and objective and more so than all manner of people in America who have not visited the Soviet Union, as he has, or seen fit to retain, or build up, a tissue of memory relating to its history and operations. There is

no slave labor in the Soviet Union, he tells us. He cites no evidence, and does not cite evidence to the contrary; apparently, it isn't worth citing. Biro-Bidzhan, we learn, is a "thriving" Jewish state. There is censorship and a minimum of democracy, as ordinarily understood, in the Soviet Union, and Mr. Lamont deplores that fact, though he reminds us that a one-party system does not *necessarily* prevent "true democracy"; George Washington was elected president unopposed. . . . In any event, with more stable conditions, democracy is bound to increase. One gathers that the responsibility for its slow development must be heavily on our side, since the Soviet Government "as such" took no part in the operations of the Third International or the Cominform. No doubt, there have been friendly relations between the Soviet Government and the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, as well as between the latter and the Communist parties of the world, though Mr. Lamont thinks it "incorrect" to assert that these parties follow "slavishly" the Soviet Union. All of them practice the science of Marxism; is it surprising that they reach the same conclusions? Our author takes great satisfaction in comparing religion under the Czars and under the Soviets, and comments:

> It seems probable that more and more of the Soviet population will come to accept the purely secular philosophy of Dialectical Materialism. This inclusive, affirmative, and life-asserting philosophy is perhaps best described as socialist Humanism.

Mr. Lamont is, of course, convinced that the Soviet purges were fair and saved Russia; that the Nazi-Soviet pact was more than justified; and that the march of the Soviets in all directions since the war has obeyed historical and diplomatic proprieties. He finds a comparison between fascism and communism unacceptable on numerous grounds. The Soviets have, to be sure, been, on occasion, brusque, arbitrary, and obdurate, but aren't we all? North Korea was, he regrets to say, the aggressor—he must disagree with "Soviet and Communist apologists" on this point—though he can't see what that had to do with the Soviet Union. . . . But perhaps enough has been noted to indicate the number of topics one could discuss with Mr. Lamont.

There would seem no point to displaying counter-testimony to all the above, and more, that Mr. Lamont offers. One would assume, for example, that he has read the records of the Dewey commission which investigated the charges that Trotsky was a fascist imperialist spy and wrecker; Mr. Lamont accounts himself a Dewey disciple. No doubt he was unimpressed by the Dewey materials, and sees no gain in reviewing unprofitable data. It is curious that Mr. Lamont, whom we found so keen in analyzing human wishes and attitudes, so active in anticipating objections, when the question

concerned immortality, seems now to relax from consideration of human nature as such, individual concerns as such; nothing has stature, to him, compared with the over-all achievements of the Soviet Union. Mr. Lamont has no sense of humor whatsoever. As part of a rather stupefying assortment of data proving that Americans and Russians have much in common, he cites American names on Soviet maps. Readers will be thrilled to learn that J. P. Morgan's name, among others, is to be found in Franz Josef Land above the Arctic Circle. Morgan put up some money for a polar expedition. . . . Mr. Lamont might, perhaps, say that there is nothing funny about peace. His work and attitudes underscore the fact that human energies must be given play and direction. Implied in his outlook is a challenge to us to marshal our energies with the power and accomplishment which he claims for the Soviets. World War II is his great card: a palpable display, to him, of Russian strength and stability. There stand the Soviets, he says, growing in power, building cooperation with larger and larger areas of the world. It will hardly help anybody to call Mr. Lamont a liar and a fool, only to turn back to—what?

Frontiers for Freedom (University of Denver Press, 1952, $3.75), edited for the Social Science Foundation of the University of Denver by R. Gordon Hoxie, is a seemly volume, and features many well-known names. Present at this twenty-first anniversary of the foundation, and speaking on the "Crucial Issues of Our Times" were such worthies as Henri Bonnet, Anthony Eden, Ralph Bunche, Charles Malik, Ralph E. Flanders, Francis B. Sayre, Harry D. Gideonse . . . one could go on. The volume incorporates a considerable amount of self and mutual congratulation, with respect to the foundation, its retiring director, its guests, and the like. When one strips the volume down to content, the problem of its weight becomes more uncertain. Mr. Sayre wishes he had time to tell us what was being done in the Trusteeship Council to meet desperate world needs, and to paint achievements of UN agencies. One wishes he had taken time. All we learn concretely from him is that "for the first year of an expanded program of technical assistance and economic development, fifty-four governments pledged to the United Nations Technical Assistance Board over 20 million dollars. . . ." He takes pride in the millions of former colonial peoples who have, since 1945, acquired political independence; it might have been illuminating for him to have told how India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Indonesia, and other areas came to be free. To be sure, he regrets that "even in the United States"—*even*—"where so much progress has been made in bringing varied racial and national groups from all over the world together in free democratic

association, many problems remain to be solved."

Now, of course, there is much to be said for such statements; unfortunately, they are not said. And, on occasion, there is really not much that one can add to make a statement more palatable. Take the following thought by Helen Hill Miller, who is said to be an economist and political scientist, as well as Washington correspondent for *Newsweek*; she is talking about underdeveloped areas: "After all, the yearly average income of these areas runs about $80 per person, as contrasted with an annual income average in this country of around $1,450. Now if you raise that $80 by $5, percentage-wise you have done a good deal." Miss Hill urges patience upon us—progress is slow; but though she may be able to endure with humility of soul on $1,450 per year, will her directive give patience to her underdeveloped charges? Such questions might have given more vitality to the presentations of these well-known persons. Moreover, they occurred to some of the auditors. One of them asked Mr. Sayre, "How, but on the grounds of expedience, can the inclusion of Spain and Yugoslavia in a democratic alliance be accounted for?" Mr. Sayre's answer was that Russia stamps out human freedom wherever it moves, and that "we do not refuse the help of those who are willing to fight and lay down their lives if necessary to prevent the Soviets from becoming masters of the world." An answer, perhaps; but worth traveling to hear?

Interesting are the statements by Bunche and Mrs. Edith Sampson, which spell out, courteously but firmly, the meaning of freedom. They are, of course, American successes; Communist charges that they are "Uncle Toms in striped pants" have been contemptible. Uncle Tom was a degraded figure; these carry symbols of their race's character and achievement to the world. But are they, here, speaking at the very "frontiers for freedom"?

Bernard I. Bell can probably best be described as a religious teacher. In *Crowd Culture: an Examination of the American Way of Life* (Harper and Brothers, 1952, $2) he indicts our cultural way, highlighting Mickey Spillane, sports scandals, our ready acceptance of Russia as enemy or ally, our political languor, and international disrepute. He contrasts our old school system, which was built, he says, on a Christian philosophy, with those "built on John Dewey's philosophy or on any other relativistic philosophy," and which "are only too likely to produce alumni who have no definite standards of right and wrong, who judge words and deeds only by whether they seem expedient in a given, temporary, set of circumstances." His answer to this situation is the Christian Church—and not, apparently, liberal Christianity, but the Chris-

tianity of redemption—plus the furtherance of a democratic élite.

The question is, of course, whether the diagnosis is correct, and the prescription any more sure than any other. *Was* this better America to which Mr. Bell refers indubitably a product of the organized church?—seen in terms of, for example, Jefferson, Franklin, Garrison, Lincoln, Bellamy, Emerson, and Thoreau? And does not our mob culture also, theoretically, give the best positions to the best men? It does not do so for many reasons, but would élitism help resolve them? Mr. Bell accounts himself a realist, but mark his views of those "who would escape from slavery to the mob":

> He must not mind being regarded as somewhat lunatic. He must count on being poor. He must look for small applause and few promotions, even when he tries to work in terms of supposedly idealistic institutions like a university or the Church. Harder still to bear, he must count on seeing his family ill-supported and vexed by him. . . . He must, in short, be an ascetic. . . . The requirement in any case is for great and cheerful austerity.

One is desperately tempted to ask about Mr. Bell's own temporal condition; but more important is the problem of whether effectiveness, in America, actually lies in the path indicated, or, at least, necessarily so. As W. Lloyd Warner points out, in *American Life: Dream and Reality* (University of Chicago Press, 1953, $3.75), "Abe Lincoln, the rail splitter," was in fact a man of substance and position. He would hardly have been nominated for the presidency if he had not been. We need, in other words, to understand what Americans really are: how we think, and what inspires us to action. Mr. Warner's own studies, based on some twenty-five years of sociological investigation, are varied . . . and, from our viewpoint, enigmatic. His analysis of the Memorial Day rite as a cult of the dead who "also become powerful sacred symbols which organize, direct, and constantly revive the collective ideals of the community and the nation" just fails to tell us how alive these ideals may be at any point. Mr. Warner seems generally optimistic about our customs and relationships. Unfortunately, his evidence is stronger on the side of our snobbishness and materialistic aspirations than on that of our equalitarianism and democracy. We are very conscious of whether we are in the lower-lower class or the upper-upper class. Keep your eyes on the upper-middle class in particular: "The continued development of American society and its technological progress are highly dependent upon people who have been trained by the traditional values of this group." We *must* be able to get ahead; this is the "American Dream," and we get ulcers when anything stands in the way of it. Getting ahead means, of course, more money and prestige. A chapter on minority groups points to stresses

and strains between the older and younger generations, and predicts the eventual disappearance of ethnic groups. Louis Adamic's old dream of minorities as fructifying sources of strength is presumably a dream. Mass media and fraternal organizations will make us one big sodden family.

And what else will we look like? Mr. Warner is, apparently without realizing it, quite terrifying. His brainlessly "mobile" men, his women who listen to soap operas, his sullen, second-generation children who resent papa's old-fashioned views—they make a pretty lot with which to build the future. One turns with some relief to Lewis Mumford's lectures on *Art and Technics* (Columbia University Press, 1952, $2.50). I have not always been happy with Mr. Mumford's prose, which can be too self-indulgent, too lush, and—in the style of his "younger generation"—much too intuitive, particularly when there are factual problems to be untangled. Mr. Mumford's strength has been his technical preparation for discussing the practical arts and architecture, and his genuine feeling for art and individual expression. His present lectures present him at his best, in an effective effort to reconcile the properties of the machine with the properties of what he can call with more authority than can some others, the spirit. Denigrating neither man nor the machine, he seeks the integrated artist, as an earnest of human possibilities and direction. It seems a reasonable quest. Mr. Mumford's key thought is that we are not compelled to be either part of the machine, or else separated from it. We see this dichotomy (this is my own illustration) in the person who tries to live the expedient life and the "idealistic" life at one and the same time, writing advertising trash during the day, and ultra-ultra verse or fiction at night, and producing a legitimate product in neither case. Form and function must complement one another. The individual must be present in the production process. In the dullest of Mr. Warner's questionnaire respondents is a person—if he can ever be found: a being to whom Mr. Mumford's brave words can have meaning:

> Yes: the burden of renewal lies upon us; so it behooves us to understand the forces making for renewal within our persons and within our culture, and to summon forth the plans and ideals that will impel us to purposeful action. If we awaken to our actual state, in full possession of our senses, instead of remaining drugged, sleepy, cravenly passive, as we now are, we shall reshape our life to a new pattern, aided by all the resources that art and technics now place in our hands. . . .

LOUIS FILLER